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HYMNS

FOUNDED ON

VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

By the late Reverend

P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Publiſhed from the AUTHOR's Manuſcript,

By JOB ORTON.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

Ieſteem Nepos *for his Faith and Diligence, his Comments on Scripture, and many Hymns, with which the Brethren are delighted.* Euſeb. Eccl. Hiſt. l. VII. c. 24.

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THE

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following *Hymns*, well known to the world by many excellent and uſeful writings, was much ſolicited by his friends to print them in his lifetime, from a hope they might be ſerviceable to the intereſt of religion, by aſſiſting the devotion of chriſtians in their ſocial and ſecret worſhip; and, had GOD continued his life till his *Family Expoſitor on the Epiſtles* had been publiſhed, it is probable he would have complied with their requeſt: but this and many other pious and benevolent purpoſes were broken off by his much-lamented death. During the laſt hour I ſpent with him, a few weeks before that mournful event, he honoured me with ſome particular directions about tranſcribing and publiſhing them. I have at length, through the good hand of my GOD upon me, finiſhed them, and preſent them to the world with a chearful hope, that they will promote and diffuſe

a ſpirit of devotion, and, together with other aſſiſtances human and divine, prepare many to join with the devout author in the nobler and everlaſting anthems of heaven.

THESE Hymns being compoſed to be ſung after the Author had been preaching on the texts prefixed to them, it was his deſign, that they ſhould bring over again the leading thoughts in the ſermon, and naturally expreſs and warmly enforce thoſe devout ſentiments, which he hoped were then riſing in the minds of his hearers, and help to fix them on the memory and heart: accordingly the attentive reader will obſerve, that moſt of them illuſtrate ſuch ſentiments, as a ſkilful preacher would principally inſiſt upon, when diſcourſing from the texts on which they are founded. There is a great variety in the form of them: Some are devout paraphraſes on the texts: others expreſſive of lively acts of devotion, faith, and truſt in GOD, love to *Chriſt*, deſire of divine influences, and good reſolutions of cultivating the temper and practiſing the duties recommended: others proclaim an humble joy and triumph in the gracious promiſes and encouragements of ſcripture, particularly in the diſcovery and proſpect of eternal life.

The

The nature of the ſubjects will eaſily account for the difference of compoſure, why ſome are more plain and artleſs, others more lively, ſublime, and full of poetic fire. If any of them ſhould at firſt reading appear flat or obſcure, it may well be ſuppoſed they would affect the mind in a ſtronger manner, when uſed in a religious aſſembly after ſermons upon the texts, in which the context hath been conſidered (if that were neceſſary) parallel places compared, the deſign of the inſpired writer judiciouſly opened, and the beauty, propriety, and emphaſis of the ſeveral clauſes of the text illuſtrated: they therefore who uſe them in their devout retirements, ſhould firſt read and conſider the texts and contexts; and if they would conſult ſome *Expoſitor* upon them, particularly the Author's on the ſubject taken from the New Teſtament, they will ſee a ſpirit and elegance in theſe compoſures, which may otherwiſe be overlooked, and be more likely to reap real and laſting advantage by them.

In this collection there are many Hymns formed upon paſſages in the *Old Teſtament*, particularly in the Prophets, directly relating to the caſe of the *Iſraelites*, or ſome particular good man among them, which the Au-

thor hath accommodated to the circumſtances of chriſtians, where he thought there was a juſt and natural reſemblance; and he apprehended, that the practice of the inſpired writers of the *New Teſtament* warranted ſuch accommodations *. He experienced this to be a very acceptable and uſeful method of preaching on the *Old Teſtament*, and accordingly recommended it to his Pupils, as what would afford them an opportunity of explaining the deſign of the prophecies, diſplaying the wiſdom, faithfulneſs and grace of GOD, and ſuggeſting many ſtriking and important inſtructions: this method would at the ſame time occaſion an agreeable variety in their diſcourſes, prevent their confining themſelves to general or common-place ſubjects, or (in order to avoid a frequent repetition of well known arguments) running into dry and abſtruſe ſpeculations, which the capacities of the generality of their hearers could not comprehend, nor their hearts reliſh and feel: a faſhion in preaching, too prevalent, and, conſidering its apparent unprofitableneſs, much to be lamented.

THOSE

* Compare *Hebrews* xiii, 5, 6, and *Family Expoſitor* in Loc. note *(e)*. There are alſo ſome good remarks on this ſubject in Dr *Watt's Holineſs of Times, Places*, &c. *Diſ.* v. eſpecially *Prop.* 15.

THOSE young miniſters, who are deſirous of entering into the ſpirit and copiouſneſs of ſcripture, may find this work greatly uſeful to them, by directing them to many very ſuitable texts, and to ſome natural thoughts, and uſeful reflections, to be inſiſted upon in diſcourſing from them.

THERE are ſeveral Hymns in this collection ſuited to ſpecial and extraordinary occaſions, for which there was not before a ſufficient proviſion; ſuch as, for opening a new place of worſhip, the vacancy and ſettlement of churches, the ordination of miniſters, their removal from our world, &c. eſpecially for days of faſting and humiliation on account of actual or apprehended calamities; the want of which during the late rebellion and war was much regretted by many miniſters and private chriſtians.

IN theſe compoſures I hope few low or trivial expreſſions will be found: nothing appears unſuitable to the gravity and dignity of a worſhipping aſſembly: nothing likely to darken or damp the devotion of the humble chriſtian, or excite paſſions merely ſenſual. There is nothing that ſavours of a party-ſpirit, or carries an appearance of deſigning

ſigning to confine their uſe to any of the ſects into which chriſtians are unhappily divided. The materials are divine, and the Author's ſcul was never more enlarged, than when he was promoting a ſpirit of piety and candour in their juſt connection.

I CHOSE to place theſe Hymns in the order in which the ſeveral texts lie in the bible, as that prevents the neceſſity of another index, and there appeared no particular reaſon for diſpoſing them in any different order. In a few places where words occur not ſufficiently intelligible to common readers, I have added ſome more plain and familiar ones in the margin, that they may be read and ſung with underſtanding; preferring this method to that of ſome Authors, who have collected and explained them in a particular index.

As theſe Hymns were compoſed during a ſeries of many years, amidſt an uncommon variety and daily ſucceſſion of moſt important labours, by a man who had no ear for muſic, and as they want his retouching hand, the reader will be candid to what inaccuracies he may diſcover: particularly the repitition of the ſame thoughts and phraſes, which

which in a few inſtances will be found: and indeed ſome of them could ſcarcely be avoided on ſubjects ſo nearly reſembling, without the excluſion of the moſt ſuitable and affecting ſentiments or aſpirations, for which the introduction of a new or more poetic thought and phraſe would not have been an equivalent. There may perhaps be ſome improprieties, owing to my not being able to read the author's manuſcript in particular places, and being obliged, without a poetic genius, to ſupply thoſe deficiences, whereby the beauty of the ſtanza may be greatly defaced, though the ſenſe is preſerved.

These Hymns being originally deſigned for the uſe of a congregation of plain unlearned chriſtians, it cannot be expected they ſhould entertain thoſe, who may peruſe them merely for the ſake of the poetry: yet I think many of them will ſtand the teſt of a critical examination, and appear at leaſt equal to other compoſitions of the like kind; and I am perſuaded they will all be delightful and beneficial to thoſe, who deſire to have their devotions enlivened, their ſouls filled with divine love, and who are ambitious to live up to the rules of the goſpel;

ſpel; and that they will, through the influences of the Holy Ghoſt, ſpread a ſpirit of fervent piety in ſuch congregations where they may be introduced.

I HAVE nothing to add but my earneſt wiſhes and prayers, that they may be ſubſervient to the glory of GOD, the more delightful celebration of divine ordinances, and the edification of my fellow chriſtians. *Amen.*

JOB ORTON.

SALOP,
Jan. 1, 1755.

A

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HYMNS

FOUNDED ON

VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

OLD TESTAMENT.

I. Enoch's *piety and tranſlation.* Gen. v. 24. Heb. xi. 5.

1 ETERNAL God, our wond'ring ſouls
Admire thy matchleſs grace;
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With Adam's worthleſs race.

2 O lead me to that happy path,
Where I my God may meet;
Tho' hoſts of foes begird it round,
Tho' briars wound my feet.

3 Chear'd with thy converſe, I can trace
The deſart with delight:
Thro' all the gloom one ſmile of thine
Can diſſipate the night.

4 Nor ſhall I thro' eternal days
A reſtleſs pilgrim roam;

Thy hand that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

5 I ask not Enoch's rapt'rous flight
To realms of heav'nly day;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear this flesh away.

6 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load;
And hail * the sharpest pangs of death,
That break its way to God.

* Salute or welcome.

II. *GOD's gracious approbation of a religious care of our families.* Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwel
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

III. Abraham's *interceſſion for Sodom.* Gen. xviii. 32.

For a faſt-day.

1 GREAT God! did pious Abram pray
For Sodom's vile abandon'd race?
And ſhall not all our ſouls be rous'd
For Britain to implore thy grace?

2 Baſe as we are, does not thine eye
Its choſen thouſands here ſurvey; (crouds,
Whoſe ſouls, deep humbled, mourn the
Who walk in ſin's deſtructive way?

3 O Judge ſupreme, let not thy ſword
The righteous with the wicked ſmite:
Nor bury in promiſcuous heaps
Rebels, and ſaints thy chief delight.

4 For theſe thy children ſpare the land;
Avert the thunders big with death;
Nor let the ſeeds of latent * fire
Be kindled by thy flaming breath.

5 O! be not angry, mighty God,
While duſt and aſhes ſeek thy face;
But gently bending from thy throne,
Renew, and ſtill increaſe the grace.

6 Jeſus the interceſſor hear,
And for his ſake thy grace impart,
Which, while it ſtops the fiery ſtream,
Diſſolves the moſt obdurate heart.

7 Sodom ſhall change to Zion then,
And heavenly dews be ſcatter'd round,

* Hidden, ſecret.

That plants of paradiſe may ſpring,
Where baleful * poiſons curs'd the ground.

* Deſtructive.

IV. Jacob's *vow*. Gen. xxviii. 20——22.

1 O GOD of Jacob, by whoſe hand
Thine Iſrael ſtill is fed,
Who thro' this weary pilgrimage
Haſt all our fathers led.

2 To thee our humble vows we raiſe,
To thee addreſs our pray'r,
And in thy kind and faithful breaſt
Depoſit all our care.

3 If thou, thro' each perplexing path,
Wilt be our conſtant guide;
If thou wilt daily bread ſupply,
And raiment wilt provide;

4 If thou wilt ſpread thy ſhield around,
Till theſe our wand'rings ceaſe,
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our ſouls arrive in peace:

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant-God,
We'll our whole ſelves reſign;
And count, that not our *tenth* alone,
But all we have is thine.

V. *The hand of the LORD upon the cattle.* Exod. ix. 3.

1 THE creatures, Lord, confeſs thy hand,
Thro' earth and ſky, thro' ſea and land
And all their meaneſt orders ſhare
Their Maker's pity, and his care.

2 O look from thine exalted throne,
And hear our panting cattle moan;
Prone * o'er th' untafted food they lie,
Groan out their agonies, and die.

3 What have theſe harmleſs creatures done,
To draw this ſore chaſtiſement down?
'Tis human guilt for vengeance calls,
And heavy on the herds it falls.

4 From them to us the ſtroke might paſs,
And mow down thouſands of our race;
Till deſolation reign'd around,
Our cities void, until'd our ground.

5 Prevent the ruin by thy grace,
And melt our hearts to ſeek thy face:
Bleſt fruit of thy correcting rod
To loſe our beaſts, and find our God.

* Stretched out on the ground.

VI. Iſrael *and* Amalek. Exod. xvii. 11.

For a faſt-day.

1 OUR banner is th' eternal God,
Nor will we yield to fear;
Amidſt ten thouſand fierce aſſaults,
His mighty aid is near.

2 To him the hands of faith we ſtretch,
And plead experienc'd grace;
To him the voice of pray'r we raiſe,
Nor will he hide his face.

3 No more, proud Amalek, thy boaſt,
" God's arm is feeble grown:"

His ſword ſhall lop off ev'ry hand,
That dares inſult his throne.

4 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
Our nation's cauſe to plead;
Nor let thine Iſrael's foes, and thine,
By wickedneſs ſucceed.

5 Our fainting hands, how ſoon they droop!
But thou the weak canſt raiſe;
And in the mount of pray'r canſt leave
An altar to thy praiſe.

VII. *Againſt following a multitude to do evil.*
Exod. xxiii. 2.

1 LORD, when iniquities abound,
And growing crimes appear;
We view the deluge riſing round
With ſorrow, and with fear.

2 Yet when its waves moſt fiercely beat,
And ſpread deſtruction wide,
Thy ſpirit can a ſtandard raiſe
To ſtem * the roaring tide.

3 May thy triumphant arm awake
Thy ſacred cauſe to plead;
And let the multitude confeſs,
That thou art God indeed.

4 Their hearts ſhall in a moment turn,
Like water, by thy hand;
One word ſhall bow their ſtubborn necks
To own thy high command.

* Reſtrain.

5 Our feeble ſouls at leaſt ſupport,
And there thy pow'r diſplay;
Then multitudes ſhall ſtrive in vain
To draw us from thy way.

VIII. Chriſt's *interceſſion typified by* Aaron's *breaſt-plate.* Exod. xxviii. 29.

1 NOW let our chearful eyes ſurvey
Our great high-prieſt above,
And celebrate his conſtant care,
And ſympathetic love.

2 Tho' rais'd to a ſuperior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the ſhining train
With matchleſs honours crown'd;

3 The names of all his ſaints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor ſhall the meaneſt Chriſtian ſay,
That he hath loſt his part.

4 Thoſe characters ſhall fair abide,
Our everlaſting truſt,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to duſt.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breaſt
May thy dear name be worn,
A ſacred ornament and guard,
To endleſs ages borne.

IX. *Who is on the Lord's ſide?* Ex. xxxiii. 26.

1 WHAT boſom mov'd with pious zeal
Doth for its God's diſhonour feel?

What

What heart with gen'rous ardour glows
To plead his cauſe againſt his foes?

2 Great God, what boſom can be cold!
What coward muſt not here grow bold?
While honour, int'reſt, truth and love,
Concur our inmoſt ſouls to move?

3 Around thy ſtandard, Lord, we preſs,
Thine injur'd honour to redreſs,
And with determin'd voice demand
The ſignal of thy conqu'ring hand.

4 Thou ſhalt theſe ſacred weapons bleſs,
And lead thro' war to endleſs peace;
Nor death itſelf our ſouls ſhall dread,
For thine own arm ſhall raiſe the dead.

X. *GOD's preſence deſirable.* Ex. xxxiii. 15.

1 IMMENSE, eternal God!
How marvellous thy name!
Thy preſence all abroad
Pervades * all nature's frame;
Heav'n, earth, and air,
And the dark cell,
Where devils dwell
In long deſpair.

2 Yet thou haſt choſen ways
To make thy preſence known,
To fav'rites of thy grace,
To upright ſouls alone:

* Penetrates through, or fills.

This glory, Lord,
My ſoul would ſee,
This grace to me,
My God, afford.

3 If thou thy luſtre veil,
The charms of nature fade;
All wither'd, weak, and pale,
They bow their languid head:
My Father, ſhine;
For thou canſt give
The dead to live
By beams divine.

4 Ev'n Eden's bliſsful lands
Would in thine abſence mourn:
But thou wild Afric's * ſands
To paradiſe canſt turn.
If God be there
The gloom is bright:
But noon is night,
Till thou appear.

5 Come, for my ſpirit glows
With infinite deſire!
Strong love impatient grows,
And ſets my heart on fire.
My Father, come;
That preſence give,
On which I live;
Or call me home.

* Africa, a part of the earth remarkable for ſandy barren deſarts.

XI. Moſes's *view of the divine glory.* Exod xxxiii. 18.

1 WITH humble pleaſure, Lord, we trace
The ancient records of thy grace;
And our own conſolation draw,
From what thy ſervant Moſes ſaw.

2 May we behold thy glory ſhine
With gentle beams of love divine;
And hear thy ſecret voice proclaim
The various wonders of thy name.

3 If feeble nature faint t' endure
A voice ſo ſweet, a ray ſo pure;
Its diſſolution would delight,
While death would wear a form ſo bright.

4 Death ſhall unveil that world above,
Where the dear children of thy love,
Attemper'd * all to heav'nly day,
Bear, and reflect th' immediate ray.

* Fitted and enabled to bear.

XII. *The proclamation of GOD's name to* Moſes; or, *divine mercy and juſtice.* Exod. xxxiv. 6—8.

1 ATTEND, my ſoul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories ſhine
Around thy condeſcending God!
To us, to us, he ſtill proclaims
His awful, his endearing names:
Attend, and ſound them all abroad.

2 "Je-

2 " Jehovah I, the sov'reign Lord,
" The mighty God, by heaven ador'd,
" Down to the earth my footsteps bend:
" My heart the tend'rest pity knows,
" Goodness full-streaming wide o'erflows,
" And grace and truth shall never end.

3 " My patience long can crimes endure:
" My pard'ning love is ever sure,
" When penitential sorrow mourns;
" To millions, thro' unnumber'd years,
" New hope and new delight it bears;
" Yet wrath against the sinner burns."

4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
All-prostrate at thy Sov'reign's feet,
And drink the tuneful accents in;
Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
Till heav'n complete the rapt'rous scene.

XIII. *The GOD of spirits sought to supply vacancies in the congregations of his people.* Numb. xxxvii. 15—17.

1 FATHER of spirits, from thy hand,
Our souls immortal came;
And still thine energy * divine
Supports th' ethereal † flame.

2 By thee our spirits all are known;
And each remotest thought
Lies wide expanded to his eye,
By whom their pow'rs were wrought.

* Power. † Heavenly.

3 To

3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,
Thy flock deſerted flies;
And, on th' eternal ſhepherd's care,
Our chearful hope relies.

4 When o'er thy faithful ſervants duſt
Thy dear aſſemblies mourn,
In ſpeedy tokens of thy grace,
O Iſrael's God return.

5 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up
Thro' every riſing race.

6 Exert thy ſacred influence here,
And here thy ſuppliants bleſs,
And change, to ſtrains of chearful praiſe,
Their accents of diſtreſs.

7 With faithful heart, with ſkilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed;
And with a ſteady growing pace,
To Zion's mountain led.

XIV. *The LORD's people his portion.* Deu xxxii. 9.

1 SOV'REIGN of nature, all is thine,
The air, the earth, the ſea!
By thee the orbs celeſtial * ſhine,
And cherubs live by thee.

2 Rich in thy own eſſential ſtore;
Thou call'ſt forth worlds at will:

* The heavenly bodies.

Te

Ten thousand, and ten thousand more
Would hear thy summons still.

3 What treasure wilt thou then confess?
And thy own portion call?
What by peculiar right possess,
Imperial Lord of all?

4 Thine Israel thou wilt stoop to claim,
Wilt mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand praises to thy name
For goodness so divine!

5 That I am thine, my soul would boast,
And boast its claim to thee:
Nor shall God's property be lost,
Nor God be torn from me.

XV. *The eternal* God *his people's refuge and support.* Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 BEHOLD the great eternal God,
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,
And calls our souls to shelter there.
Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace
To all his Israel he displays,
Guarded from danger and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press, and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell:
On that high tow'r I rear my head
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidst surrounding hosts of hell.

3 The ſhadow of th' Almighty's wings
Compoſure unmoleſted brings, (crowd;
While threat'ning horrors round me
In vain the ſtorms of rattling hail
The walls of this retreat aſſail,
And the wild tempeſt roars aloud.

4 In louder ſtrains my fearleſs tongue
Shall warble its victorious ſongs,
My Father's graces to proclaim;
He bears his infant offſpring on
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal as his name.

XVI. *The happineſs of* God's Iſrael. Deut. xxxiii. 29.

1 O ISRAEL, bleſt beyond compare!
Unrival'd all thy glories are:
Jehovah deigns * to fill thy throne,
And calls thine intereſt all his own.

2 He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord;
His ſhield is thine; and thine his ſword:
Review in extacy of thought
The grand redemption he has wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke he ſets thee free,
Opens thy paſſage thro' the ſea;
He thro' the deſart is thy guide,
And heav'n for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's ſons of old could boaſt
Such favours to their choſen hoſt;

* Condeſcends.

Their

Their glories which thro' ages ſhine,
Are but dim ſhades and types of thine.

5 Celeſtial Spirit, teach our tongue
Sublimer ſtrains than Moſes ſung,
Proportion'd to the ſweeter name
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

XVII. *Support in the gracious preſence of* God *under the loſs of miniſters and other uſeful friends.* Joſh. i. 2, 4, 5.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why ſhould thoſe eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own houſe invade?
What tho' the prophet, and the prieſt
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Tho' earthly ſhepherds dwell in duſt,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkneſs clos'd,
And mute th' inſtructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd ſtill ſurvives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye ſtill guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," ſaith the Lord,
"My church ſhall ſafe abide;
"For I will ne'er forſake my own,
"Whoſe ſouls in me confide."

6 Thro' every ſcene of life and death,
This promiſe is our truſt;
And this ſhall be our children's ſong,
When we are cold in duſt.

XVIII. God *inſenſibly withdrawn.* Judges xvi. 20.

1 A PRESENT God is all our ſtrength,
And all our joy and hope;
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And ev'ry grace muſt droop.

2 But flatt'ring trifles charm our hearts
To court their falſe embrace,
Till juſtly this neglected friend
Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us, and we miſs him not,
But go preſumptuous on;
Till baffled, wounded, and enſlav'd,
We learn that God is gone.

4 And what, my ſoul, can then remain
One ray of light to give?
Sever'd from him, their better life,
How can his children live?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I would devote theſe eyes to tears,
Till cheer'd by his return.

6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place,
Where once thy temple ſtood;

For

For lo, its ruins bear the mark
Of rich atoning blood.

XIX. Ebenezer; *or*, God's *helping hand, reviewed and acknowledged.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

For New Year's Day.

1 MY helper God! I bleſs his name:
The ſame his pow'r, his grace the ſame,
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and cloſe the year.

2 I 'midſt ten thouſand dangers ſtand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And ſee, when I ſurvey my ways,
Ten thouſand monuments of praiſe.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this deſart land,
New mercies ſhall new ſongs demand.

4 My grateful ſoul, on Jordan's ſhore,
Shall raiſe one ſacred pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inſcriptions of immortal love.

XX. *The ſaint encouraging himſelf in the* Lord *his* God. 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight;
It ſcatters round a chearful beam,
To gild the darkeſt night.

2 What tho' our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like with'ring flowers?
Nor time nor death can break that band,
Which makes Jehovah ours.

3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And ſhake you off like duſt;
Well may I truſt my all with him,
With whom my ſoul I truſt.

XXI. *Support in* God's *covenant under domeſtic troubles.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs grace I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

2 What tho' my houſe be not with thee,
As nature could deſire?
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy ſervants all aſpire.

3 Since thou, the everlaſting God,
My Father art become;
Jeſus my guardian, and my friend,
And heav'n my final home;

4 I welcome all thy ſov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
And, when I know not what thou doſt,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy cov'nant in the darkeſt gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids cloſe in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

XXII.

XXII. *Support in* God's *covenant in the near views of death.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 1. *and* 5. *compared.*

1 'TIS mine, the cov'nant of his grace,
And ev'ry promiſe mine!
All ſprung from everlaſting love,
And ſeal'd by blood divine.

2 On my unworthy favour'd head,
Its bleſſings all unite;
Bleſſings more num'rous than the ſtars,
More laſting and more bright.

3 Death, thou may'ſt tear this rag of fleſh,
And ſink my fainting head,
And lay my ruins in the grave,
Among my kindred dead:

4 But death and hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
To break that ſacred reſt,
Which God's expiring children feel,
While leaning on his breaſt.

5 Th' enlarged ſoul thou canſt not reach,
Nor rend from Chriſt away;
Tho' o'er my mould'ring duſt thou boaſt
The triumphs of a day.

6 The night is paſt, my morning dawns;
My cov'nant God deſcends,
And wakes that duſt to join my ſoul
In bliſs that never ends.

7 That cov'nant the laſt accents claims
Of this poor falt'ring tongue;

And

And that ſhall the firſt notes employ
Of my celeſtial ſong.

XXIII. *Rejoicing in our covenant-engagements to* God. 2 Chron. xv. 15.

1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that ſeals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
Let chearful anthems * fill his houſe,
While to that ſacred ſhrine † I move.

3 'Tis done; the great tranſaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confeſs the voice divine.

4 Now reſt my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this bliſsful center reſt;
With aſhes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels bread to feaſt?

5 High heav'n, that heard the ſolemn vow,
That vow renew'd ſhall daily hear:
Till in life's lateſt hour I bow,
And bleſs in death a bond ſo dear.

* Hymns of praiſe, † Altar or place of worſhip.

XXIV. God *stirring up the spirit of* Cyrus *to redeem* Israel. Ezra i. 1. *compared with* Isa. xliv. 1—4.

1 TH' eternal God! his name how great!
How deep his counsels! how complete!
The hearts of kings his pow'r can sway;
His word unconscious * they obey.

2 Summon'd of old in distant days
To serve his schemes, and shew his praise,
Cyrus, illustrious prince, appears,
His people frees, his temple rears.

3 Thro' legions arm'd he breaks his way,
And tramples gen'rals down like clay;
The bars of steel he cuts in twain,
And brazen gates oppose in vain.

4 But to Jehovah's accents mild
The hero pliant as a child,
Lays the new gates of empire by,
Till Zion rise and shines on high.

5 Thus, mighty God, shall ev'ry heart,
(If thou thine influence there exert)
Throw its own fondest schemes aside,
And follow where thy hand shall guide.

6 The foremost sons of fame shall boast
To raise thy temples from their dust;
Princes shall shout thy name aloud,
And new-born priests thine altars crowd.

* Without intending it. Isa. x. 7.

XXV.

XXV. *A glance from* God *bringing us down to the solitude of the grave.* Job vii. 8.

1 SOV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow, that wears a crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly band * no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once, and sweet:
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

5 He nobler friends than here I leave,
In brighter surer worlds can give;
Or by the beamings of his eye
A lost creation well supply.

* Company.

XXVI. *The impossibility of prospering while men harden themselves against* God. Job ix. 4

1 THE great Jehovah! who shall dare
With him to tempt unequal war?
What heart of steel shall dare t' oppose,
And league among his harden'd foes?

2 At his command the lightnings dart,
And swift transfix * the rebel heart:
Earth trembles at his look, and cleaves,
And legions sink in living graves.

3 Where are the haughty monarchs now,
Who scorn'd his word with low'ring brow?
Where are the trophies of their reigns?
Or where their ruins last remains?

4 See Pharaoh sinking in the tide,
See Babel's tyrant mad with pride,
Graze with the beasts! hear Herod roar,
While worms his Deity devour!

5 See from the turrets of the skies,
Tall cherubs sink, no more to rise;
And trace their rank on thrones of light,
By heavier chains, and darker night!

6 Great God! and shall this soul of mine
Presume to challenge wrath divine?
Trembling I seek thy mercy-seat,
And lay my weapons at thy feet.

* Pierce through.

XXVII. *The great journey.* Job xvi. 22.

1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3 From vital air, from chearful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From ſcenes of duty, means of grace,
Muſt I to God's tribunal paſs!

4 Important journey! awful view!
How great the change! the ſcenes how new!
The golden gates of heav'n diſplay'd,
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy ſhade!

5 Awake, my ſoul; thy way prepare,
And loſe in this each mortal care;
With ſteady feet that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.

6 Jeſus, to thee my all I truſt,
And, if thou call me down to duſt,
I know thy voice, I bleſs thy hand,
And die in ſmiles at thy command.

7 What was my terror, is my joy;
Theſe views my brighteſt hopes employ,
To go, ere many years are o'er,
Secure I ſhall return no more.

XXVIII. *The penitent brought back from the pit.* Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

1 THE Lord, from his exalted throne,
In majeſty array'd,
Looks with a melting pity down
On all that ſeek his aid.

2 When, touch'd with penitent remorſe,
Our follies paſt we mourn,
With what a tenderneſs of love
He meets our firſt return!

3 From

3 From heav'n he ſent his only Son
To ranſom us with blood,
To ſnatch us from the burning pit,
When on its brink we ſtood.

4 From death and hell he leads us up
By a delightful way;
And the bright beams of endleſs life,
Doth round our path diſplay.

5 Great God, we wonder and adore;
And, to exalt ſuch grace,
We long to learn the ſongs of heav'n
Ere yet we reach the place.

XXIX. *Communing with our hearts.* Pſal. iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chaſe theſe ſhadowy forms no more;
Seek out ſome ſolitude to mourn,
And thy forſaken God implore.

2 Wiſdom and pleaſure dwell at home;
Retir'd and ſilent ſeek them there:
True conqueſt is ourſelves t' o'ercome,
True ſtrength to break the tempter's ſnare.

3 And thou, my God, whoſe piercing eye
Diſtinct ſurveys each deep receſs,
In theſe abſtracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy preſence fill the place.

4 Thro' all the mazes * of my heart
My ſearch let heav'nly wiſdom guide,

* Windings, perplexities.

And ſtill its radiant beams impart,
Till all be ſearch'd and purified.

5 Then, with the viſits of thy love,
Vouchſafe my inmoſt ſoul to chear;
Till ev'ry grace ſhall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

XXX. God's *name the encouragement of our faith.* Pſal. ix. 10.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various, and his ſaving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our ſure experience known!

2 Let great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-ſufficient Lord!
He thro' the world moſt high confeſs'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is poſſeſs'd.

3 Awake our nobleſt pow'rs to bleſs
The God of Abram, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Chriſt his Son.

4 Thro' ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his ſervants pray'r;
Nor can one humble ſoul complain,
That it hath ſought its God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart ſhall dare
In whiſpers to ſuggeſt a fear,
While ſtill he owns his ancient name?
The ſame his pow'r, his love the ſame!

To

6 To thee our ſouls in faith ariſe,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
And boldly thro' the deſart tread,
For God will guard, where God ſhall lead.

XXXI. *Triumph in* God's *protection.* Pſalm xviii. 2.

1 LEGIONS of foes beſet me round,
While marching o'er this dang'rous ground;
Yet in Jehovah's aid I truſt,
And in his pow'r ſuperior boaſt.

2 My buckler he; his ſhield is ſpread
To cover this defenceleſs head:
Now let the fierceſt foes aſſail,
Their darts I count as rattling hail.

3 He is my rock, and he my tow'r;
The baſe * how firm! the walls how ſure!
The battlements how high they riſe!
And hide their ſummits † in the ſkies.

4 Deliv'rances to God belong;
He is my ſtrength, and he my ſong;
The horn of my ſalvation he,
And all my foes diſpers'd ſhall flee.

5 Thro' the long march my lips ſhall ſing
My great protector and my king,
Till Zion's mount my feet aſcend,
And all my painful warfare end.

6 Rais'd on the ſhining turrets there,
Thro' all the proſpect wide and fair,

* Foundation. † Top.

A land of peace his hosts survey,
And bless the grace that led the way.

XXXII. *Support in death.* Psal. xxiii. 4.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu *,
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewel to you,
For I must pass alone.

3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough part are torn away
With agony and tears.

4 But see a ray of light,
With splendors all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.

5 Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay:
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on;
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great Lord is near.

* Farewel.

XXXIII. *The good man's proſpect for time and eternity.* Pſal. xxiii. 6.

1 MY ſoul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Thro' all the winding * maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide,
And in that long-experienc'd care,
My heart ſhall ſtill confide.

3 His grace thro' all the deſart flows,
An unexhauſted ſtream:
That grace on Zion's ſacred mount
Shall be my endleſs theme ‡.

4 Beyond the choiceſt joys of earth
Theſe diſtant courts I love;
But O! I burn with ſtrong deſire
To view thy houſe above.

5 Mingled with all the ſhining band,
My ſoul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

* Wilderneſs. ‡ Subject.

XXXIV. *The goodneſs which* God *has wrought and laid up for his people.* Pſ. xxxi. 1.

1 OUR ſouls with pleaſing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much beſtow'd! how much reſerv'd
For them that ſeek thy face!

2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliſs
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner ſtore.

3 Here mercy hides their num'rous ſins;
Here grace their ſouls renews;
Here thy own reconciled face
Doth heav'nly beams diffuſe.

4 But O! what treaſures yet unknown
Are lodg'd in worlds to come!
If theſe th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home!

5 And what ſhall mortal worms reply?
Or how ſuch goodneſs own?
But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee,
Thy ſervants hearts are known.

6 Thine eyes ſhall read thoſe grateful thoughts
No language can expreſs:
Yet, when our livelieſt thanks we pay,
Our debts do moſt increaſe.

7 Since time's too ſhort, all-gracious God,
To utter half thy praiſe,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raiſe.

XXXV. *Reliſhing the divine goodneſs.* Pſalm xxxiv. 8, 9.

1 TRiumphant Lord, thy goodneſs reigns
Thro' all the wide celeſtial plains;
And its full ſtreams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Thro'

2 Thro' nature's works its glories ſhine;
The cares of providence are thine:
And grace erects our ruin'd frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to ev'ry human heart
To taſte, and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and rev'rend fear,
To know how bleſt thy children are.

4 Let nature burſt into a ſong:
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong:
Earth, ſeas, and ſtars your anthems raiſe,
All vocal * with your Maker's praiſe.

5 Ye ſaints, with joy the theme purſue;
Its ſweeteſt notes belong to you;
Choſe by this condeſcending king
For ever round his throne to ſing.

* Sounding, as if endowed with ſpeech.

XXXVI. God *ſaying to the ſoul, that he is its ſalvation.* Pſal. xxxv. 3.

1 SALVATION! O melodious ſound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

2 Reſcu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends ‡, and fires and chains:
Rais'd to a paradiſe of bliſs,
Where love and glory reigns!

‡ Evil ſpirits.

3 But

3 But O! may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

6 My Saviour-God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all th' angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

XXXVII. God's *complacency in the prosperity of his servants.* Psal. xxxv. 27.

1 THE Lord with pleasure views his saints,
And calls them all his own;
And low he bows to their complaints,
And pities ev'ry groan.

2 In all the joys they here possess,
He takes a tender part;
And when they rise to heav'nly bliss,
Complacence fills his heart.

3 My God, are all my pleasures thine,
My comforts thy delight?
O be thy happiness divine
Most precious in my sight.

4 They

4 They moſt in all thy bliſs ſhall ſhare,
Whoſe hearts can love thee moſt;
O could I vie * in ardour here
With all th' angelic hoſt.

* Endeavour to equal.

XXXVIII. *The days of the upright known to* God, *and their everlaſting inheritance.* Pſal. xxxvii. 18.

TO thee, my God, my days are known,
My ſoul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each ſecret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active ſcene,
Thy mercy ſhall approve;
And ev'ry pang of ſympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is guided by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight-gloom
A preſent God ſurveys.

5 Full in thy view thro' life I paſs,
And in thy view I die;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

6 Stripp'd of its little earthly all,
My ſoul in ſmiles ſhall go;

And

And in an heav'nly heritage
Its Father's bounty know.

XXXIX. *Our desire and groaning before God, when proceeding from the greatest distress.* Psal. xxxviii. 9, 10.

1 MY soul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it passeth on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart, long lab'ring with its woes,
Shall pant and sink away;
And you, my eye-lids, soon shall close
On the last glimm'ring ray.

3 Whence in that hour shall I receive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends
Those friends would weep in vain?

4 Great king of nature, and of grace,
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known,
And ev'ry secret fear,
The meaning of each broken groan
Well-notic'd by thine ear.

6 O fix me by that mighty pow'r,
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And groans are chang'd to songs.

XL. God *magnified by those that love his salvation.* Psal. xl. 16.

1 GOD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving pow'r;
And to our utmost stretch of thought
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.

2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain:
And while abas'd in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.

3 Perish each thought of human pride:
Let God alone be magnified:
His glory let the heav'ns resound,
Shouted from earth's remotest bound.

4 Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join ev'ry angel's voice to raise
Continu'd, never-ending praise.

XLI. *The triumph of* Christ *in the cause of truth, meekness, and righteousness.* Psal. xlv. 3, 4.

LOUD to the Prince of heav'n
Your chearful voices raise;
To him your vows be giv'n,
And fill his courts with praise.
With conscious worth
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms,
He sallies forth.

2 Gird

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring ſword,
Aſcend thy ſhining car *,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels,
In glad ſurprize,
Ye vallies riſe,
And ſink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and ſmiling love,
And injur'd righteouſneſs
In thy retinue move,
And ſeek from thee redreſs.
Thou in their cauſe
Shalt proſp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Diſpenſe thy laws.

4 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes ſhall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace which conquers all.
The world ſhall know,
Great King of kings,
What wond'rous things
Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing ſoul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here ev'ry foe controul,
And all thy pow'r diſplay.
My heart, thy throne,
Bleſt Jeſus, ſee

* Chariot.

Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

XLII. *Quietneſs under affliction, a proper acknowledgment of* God. Pſal. xlvi. 10.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
That blaſts our joys in death;
Changes the viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back our breath.

'Tis he, the potentate ſupreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whoſe ſteady counſels wiſely rule,
Nor from their purpoſe move.

'Tis he, whoſe juſtice might demand
Our ſouls a ſacrifice;
Yet ſcatters with unwearied hand
A thouſand rich ſupplies.

Our cov'nant-God and Father he
In Chriſt our bleeding Lord;
Whoſe grace can heal the burſting heart
With one reviving word.

Fair garlands of immortal bliſs
He weaves for ev'ry brow;
And ſhall tumultuous paſſions riſe,
If he correct us now?

Silent I own Jehovah's name;
I kiſs thy ſcourging hand;
And yield my comforts, and my life,
To thy ſupreme command.

XLIII. *The year crown'd with the divine goodneſs.* Pſal. lxv. 11.

For New Year's Day.

1 ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whoſe goodneſs crowns the circling year.

2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports the ſteady pole:
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

3 The flow'ry ſpring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The ſummer-rays with vigour ſhine
To raiſe the corn, and chear the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coaſts redundant ſtores;
And winters, ſoften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe;
Still be the chearful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning ſhade.

6 Here in thy houſe ſhall incenſe riſe,
As circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

7 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown purſue the ſongs;
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

XLIV. *Rebels againſt the ſupreme Sovereign admoniſhed.* Pſal. lxvi. 7.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns ſupremely great,
And o'er heav'n's arches builds his royal ſeat.
Thro' worlds unknown his ſov'reign ſway extends,
Nor ſpace nor time his boundleſs empire ends.
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immenſe creation.

2 Lightnings and ſtorms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their way:
Unnumber'd Cherubs veil'd before him ſtand,
At his firſt ſignal all their wings expand;
His praiſe gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir* rejoices.

3 Rebellious mortals, ceaſe your tumults vain,
Nor longer ſuch unequal war maintain:
Let clay with fellow-clay in combat ſtrive,
But dread to brave the pow'r, by which you live:
With contrite hearts fall proſtrate and adore him,
For, if he frowns, ye periſh all before him.

* Company of ſingers.

XLV. God *the happineſs of his people, and their ſupport in the extremeſt diſtreſs.* Pſal. lxxiii. 25, 26.

1 MY God, whoſe all-pervading * eye
Views earth beneath, and heav'n above,
Witneſs, if here, or there thou ſeeſt
An object of m'n: equal love.

2 Not the gay ſcenes, where mortal men
Purſue their bliſs, and find their woe,
Detain my riſing heart, which ſprings
The nobler joys of heaven to view.

3 Not all the faireſt ſons of light,
That lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound its flight; it preſſeth on,
And ſeeks its reſt in God alone.

4 Fix'd near th' immortal ſource of bliſs,
Dauntleſs and joyous it ſurveys
Each form of horror and diſtreſs,
That earth, combin'd with hell, can raiſe.

5 This feeble fleſh ſhall faint, and die;
This heart renew its pulſe no more;
Ev'n now it views the moment nigh,
When life's laſt movements all are o'er.

6 But come, thou vanquiſh'd king of dread,
With thy own hand thy pow'r deſtroy;
'Tis thine to bear my ſoul to God,
My portion, and eternal joy.

* All-ſeeing.

LVI. *The rage of enemies restrained, and overruled to the divine glory.* Psal. lxxvi. 10.

Thanksgiving for the suppression of the Rebellion 1746.

ACCEPT, great God, thy Britain's songs,
While grateful joy unites our tongues,
To own the work thy hand hath done:
Thy hand hath crush'd our cruel foes,
When in rebellious troops they rose,
And swore to tread our glory down.

With hell confed'rate on their side,
People and prince their rage defy'd,
And in proud hope devour'd us all:
Thy hand its banner hath display'd,
Beckon'd its hero to our aid,
And in one day their legions fall.

Thus shalt thou still maintain thy throne,
And prove, that thou art God alone,
Tho' earth and hell new efforts try;
'Midst all the tumults they can raise,
Envenom'd wrath exalts thy praise,
Till hush'd at thy rebuke it die.

So swell the surges * of the sea,
And roar in their impetuous way,
As they would deluge earth again:
So strike they on th' unshaken rock,
Dash'd by the fierceness of their shock,
And foam to feel their fury vain.

* Great waves.

XLVII. God *furnishing a table in the wilderness*. Psal. lxxviii. 19, 20.

1 PARENT of universal good,
We own thy bounteous hand,
Which does so rich a table spread
Ev'n in this desart land.

2 Struck by thy pow'r, the flinty rocks
In gushing torrents flow;
The feather'd wand'rers of the air
Thy guiding instinct know.

3 The pregnant clouds, at thy command,
Rain down delicious bread;
And by light drops of pearly dew
Are num'rous armies fed.

4 Supported thus, thine Israel march'd
The promis'd land to gain:
And shall thy children now begin
To seek their God in vain?

5 Are all thy stores exhausted now?
Or does thy mercy fail?
That faith should languish in our breasts,
And anxious cares prevail?

6 Ye base unworthy fears, be gone,
And wide dispers'e in air;
Then may I feel my Father's rod,
When I suspect his care.

XLVIII. God *speaketh peace to his people.* Pſal. lxxxv. 8.

UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In ſilence ſoft and ſweet:
And thou, my ſoul, ſit gently down
At thy great Sov'reign's feet.

Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlaſting God
Proclaims himſelf my friend.

Harmonious accents to my ſoul
The ſounds of peace convey;
The tempeſt at his word ſubſides,
And winds and ſeas obey.

By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

XLIX. *The church, the birth-place of the ſaints, and* God's *care of it.* Pſal. lxxxvii. 5.

On opening a new place of worſhip.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth eſtabliſh his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?

We bring the tribute of our praiſe,
And ſing that condeſcending grace,

Which

Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us ſinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bleſs,
Which guards our ſynagogues in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worſhippers with dread.

4 Theſe walls we to thy honour raiſe;
Long may they echo with thy praiſe;
And thou deſcending fill the place
With choiceſt tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and chear his friends.

6 And in the great deciſive day,
When God the nations ſhall ſurvey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

L. *The goſpel jubilee.* Pſal. lxxxix. 15. *compared with* Lev. xxv. and Iſa. lxi. 2.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry ſoul with tranſport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thouſand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet ye fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

3 Slaves,

Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

The rich inheritance you lost,
Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
To golden streets, and pearly gates.

Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore:
No debt, but love immensely great,
Whose joy still rises with the debt.

O happy souls that know the sound!
God's light shall all their steps surround;
And shew that Jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

I. God *the dwelling-place of his people thro' all generations.* Psal. xc. 1.

THOU, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been:
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blest;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide, and trust.

Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble race,
A while to fill our fathers place;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Thro' all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderneſs,
When friends deſert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we muſt dwell in fleſh no more,
To thee our ſep'rate ſouls ſhall come,
And find in thee a ſurer home.

6 To thee our infant race we leave:
Them may their fathers God receive;
That voices yet unform'd may raiſe
Succeeding hymns of humble praiſe.

LII. *Reflections on our waſte of years.* Pſal. xc. 9.

For New Year's Day.

1 REMARK, my ſoul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How ſwift the weeks complete their rounds!
How ſhort the months appear!

2 So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all, that mortal life has done,
God's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we paſs
The ſwift advancing year;
And ſtudy artful ways t' increaſe
The ſpeed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to ſee;
That I may act the Chriſtian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So

So ſhall their courſe more grateful roll,
If future years ariſe;
Or this ſhall bear my ſmiling ſoul
To joy, that never dies.

III. *Joy and proſperity from the preſence and bleſſing of* God. Pſal. xc. 17.

SHINE on our ſouls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty ſhine:
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

Did we not raiſe our hands to thee,
Our hearts might toil in vain;
Small joy ſucceſs itſelf could give,
If thou thy love reſtrain.

With thee let ev'ry week begin,
With thee each day be ſpent,
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

Thus chear us thro' this deſart road,
Till all our labours ceaſe;
And heaven refreſh our weary ſouls
With everlaſting peace.

IV. *The mutability of the creation, and the immutability of* God. Pſal. cii. 25—28.

GREAT former of this various frame,
Our ſouls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble, while they praiſe
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou,

2 Thou, Lord, with unfurpris'd furvey,
Saw'ſt nature riſing yeſterday;
And, as to-morrow, ſhall thine eye
See earth and ſtars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's viſion bright,
Thou dwell'ſt in ſelf-exiſtent light;
Which ſhines with undiminiſh'd ray,
While ſuns and worlds in ſmoke decay.

4 Our days a tranſient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling ſun;
And in the firmeſt ſtate we boaſt,
A moth can cruſh us into duſt.

5 But let the creatures fall around:
Let death conſign us to the ground:
Let the laſt gen'ral flame ariſe,
And melt the arches of the ſkies:

6 Calm as the ſummer's ocean, we,
Can all the wreck * of nature ſee,
While grace ſecures us an abode,
Unſhaken as the throne of God.

* Deſtruction.

LV. *The frailty of human nature, and* God's *gracious regard to it.* Pſal. ciii. 14.

1 LORD, we adore thy wond'rous name,
And make that name our truſt,
Which rais'd at firſt this curious frame,
From mean and lifeleſs duſt.

2 By duſt ſupported, ſtill it ſtands,
Wrought up to various forms,
Prepar'd by thy creating hands
To nouriſh mortal worms.

3 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.

4 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,
Its various weakness knows.

5 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

6 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

LVI. God *adored for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men.* Psal. cvii. 31.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade;

Peopled with life of various forms,
Fiſhes and fowl, and beaſts and worms.

4 View the broad ſea's majeſtic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remoteſt nations joins,
And on each wave his goodneſs ſhines.

5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son in fleſh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim * made.

6 Thither, my ſoul, with rapture ſoar;
There in the land of praiſe adore;
This theme demands an angel's lay †,
Demands an undeclining day.

* Sacrifice. † Song.

LVII. *The holy ſoul returning to its reſt in a grateful ſenſe of divine bounties.* Pſal. cxvi. 7.

1 RETURN, my ſoul, and ſeek thy reſt
Upon thy heav'nly Father's breaſt:
Indulge me, Lord, in that repoſe,
The ſoul which loves thee only knows.

2 Lodg'd in thine arms, I fear no more
The tempeſt's howl, the billow's roar:
Thoſe ſtorms muſt ſhake the Almighty's ſeat,
Which violate the ſaint's retreat.

3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me ſurmount
The pow'r of language to recount;
From morning-dawn, the ſetting ſun
Sees but my work of praiſe begun.

4 The mercies, all my moments bring,
Ask an eternity to sing;
What thanks those mercies can suffice,
Which through eternity shall rise?

5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possess'd,
In future hopes more richly bless'd,
I'll sit and sing till death shall raise
A note of more proportion'd praise.

LVIII. *Deliverance celebrated.* Psal. cxvi. 8.

1 LOOK back, my soul, with grateful love,
On what thy God has done;
Praise him for his unnumber'd gifts,
And praise him for his Son.

2 How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eye-lids dried,
And rescu'd from impending death,
When I in danger cried!

3 When on the bed of death I lay,
With sickness sore oppress'd,
How oft hath he assuaged my grief,
And lull'd my eyes to rest!

4 Back from destruction's yawning pit
At his command I came;
He fed th' expiring lamp anew,
And rais'd its feeble flame.

5 My broken spirit he hath chear'd,
When torn with inward grief;
And when temptations press'd me sore,
Hath brought me swift relief.

6 My soul from everlasting death
Is by his mercy brought,
To tell in Zion's sacred gates
The wonders he hath wrought.

7 Still will I walk before his face,
While he this life prolongs;
Till grace shall all its work complete,
And teach me heav'nly songs.

LIX. *Deliverance celebrated, and good resolutions formed.* Psal. cxvi. 8, 9.

1 GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heav'n's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid,
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him restor'd;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when by him our souls are led
Thro' unknown regions of the dead,

With

With joy triumphant ſhall they move
To ſeats of nobler life above.

LX. *Praiſe for recovery from ſickneſs.* Pſalm cxviii. 18, 19.

1 SOV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
In ev'ry chaſt'ning ſtroke;
And while I ſmart beneath thy rod,
Thy preſence I invoke.

2 To thee in my diſtreſs I cried,
And thou haſt bow'd thine ear;
Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought ſalvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteouſneſs,
That with the pious throng,
I may record my ſolemn vows,
And tune my grateful ſong.

4 Praiſe to the Lord, whoſe gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath:
Praiſe to the Lord, who makes his ſaints
Triumphant ev'n in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Thoſe heav'nly gates diſplay,
Where pain and ſin, and fear and death
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bleſs'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace
In ſweeter ſtrains ſhall ſound.

LXI. *Regard to ſcripture preſſed upon young perſons, that they may cleanſe their way.* Pſal. cxix. 9.

1 INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The ſons of men ſurvey,
And ſee how youthful ſinners ſport
In a deſtructive way.

2 Ten thouſand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb;
Each in an hour may plunge them down,
Where hope can never come.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring minds,
Amus'd with airy dreams,
That heav'nly wiſdom may diſpel
Their viſionary ſchemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,
And be thy word their guide;
Till each, the deſart ſafely paſs'd,
On Zion's hill abide.

LXII. *Deſires of being quickened by the word of* God. Pſal. cxix. 25.

1 WITH pity, Lord, thy ſervant view,
As in the duſt I lie,
Nor while I raiſe my plaintive * voice,
Diſdain the broken cry.

2 Fain would I mount on eagles wings,
And view thy lovely face;

* Mournful.

But

But cumb'rous burdens drag me down
From thine ador'd embrace.

3 Thy quick'ning energy diffuſe
O'er all my inmoſt frame;
And animate theſe languid lips
To celebrate thy name.

4 Thy living word has wonders wrought;
Thoſe wonders here renew;
And pour freſh vigour thro' my ſoul,
While I its glories view.

5 From thee, great ever-flowing ſpring,
Let vital ſtreams deſcend;
And chear me to begin theſe ſongs,
Which death ſhall never end.

LXIII. *Human perfection no where to be found.*
Pſal. cxix. 96.

1 PERFECTION! 'tis an empty name,
Nor can repay our cares;
And he that ſeeks it here below,
Muſt end the ſearch with tears.

2 Great David on his royal throne,
The beauteous, and the ſtrong,
Rich in the ſpoils of conquer'd foes,
Amidſt the applauding throng;

3 With all the mind's capacious pow'rs,
Purſu'd the ſhade in vain;
Nor heard it his melodious voice,
Or harp's angelic ſtrain.

4 From public to domeſtic ſcenes
Th' impatient monarch turns;
The friend, the huſband, and the ſire *
In ſad ſucceſſion mourns.

5 At length thy law, eternal God,
He thro' his tears deſcries ‡,
And wrapt amidſt thoſe ſacred folds,
He finds the heav'nly prize.

6 There will I ſeek perfection too,
Where David's God is known;
Nor envy, with this volume bleſt,
His treaſures and his throne.

* Father. ‡ Diſcerns.

LXIV. *Beholding tranſgreſſions with grief.* Pſal. cxix. 136, 158.

1 ARISE, my tend'reſt thoughts, ariſe;
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils, which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human nature ſunk in ſhame;
See ſcandals pour'd on Jeſus' name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The world abus'd, the ſoul undone.

3 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;

And

And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

3 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep, where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

LXV. *The wandering sheep recovered.* Psal. cxix. 176.

1 LORD, we have wander'd from the way,
Like foolish sheep, we've gone astray;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft *.

2 Expos'd to want, expos'd to harm,
Far from our gentle shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wand'rings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring souls do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

* Deprived.

LXVI. *The weeping seed-time, and joyful harvest.* Psal. cxxvi. 5, 6.

1 THE darken'd sky, how thick it lours!
Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs;
No chearful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet

2 Yet let the ſons of grace revive;
God bids the ſoul, that ſeeks him, live;
And from the gloomieſt ſhade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The ſeeds of extacy unknown,
Are in theſe water'd furrows ſown;
See the green blades, how thick they riſe,
And with freſh verdure bleſs our eyes.

4 In ſecret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;
And heav'n ſhall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harveſt load the ground.

5 Then ſhall the trembling mourner come,
And find his ſheaves, and bear them home:
The voice long broke with ſighs ſhall ſing,
Till heav'n with Hallelujah's ring.

LXVII. *Thanks to* God *for his ever-enduring goodneſs.* Pſal. cxxxvi. 1.

For New Year's Day.

1 HOUSE of our God, with chearful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces ſing:
The op'ning year his graces ſhall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending;
His bleſſings in perpetual ſhow'rs deſcending.

2 The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills:
Ye Seraphs bright on ever-blooming hills
His

His honours ſound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.
hro' your immortal life, with love increaſing,
roclaim your Maker's goodneſs never ceaſing.

Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with graſs, and corn, and oil, and wine, (meet,
Crown'd with his goodneſs, let thy nations
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet:
Vith grateful love that lib'ral hand confeſſing,
Vhich thro' each heart diffuſeth ev'ry bleſſing.

Zion enrich'd with his diſtinguiſh'd grace,
Bleſt with the rays of thine Emanuel's face,
Zion, Jehovah's portion, and delight,
Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his ſight,
n ſacred ſtrains exalt that grace excelling,
Vhich makes thy humble hill his choſen dwelling.

His mercy never ends: the dawn, the ſhade
Still ſee new bounties thro' new ſcenes diſplay'd:
Succeeding ages bleſs this ſure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers God.
The deathleſs ſoul thro' its immenſe duration,
Drinks from this ſource immortal conſolation.

Burſt into praiſe, my ſoul; all nature join;
Angels and men in harmony combine:
While human years are meaſur'd by the ſun,
And while eternity its courſe ſhall run,

His

His goodneſs, in perpetual ſhow'rs deſcendi
Exalt in ſongs, and raptures never-ending.

LXVIII. God *ſtrengthening the ſouls of praying people.* Pſal. cxxxviii. 3.

1 MY ſoul, review the trembling days,
In which my God I ſought:
I cry'd aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

2 Thro' all my weak and fainting heart
His ſecret ſtrength he ſpread,
And claſp'd me in his arms of love,
And rais'd my drooping head.

3 He call'd himſelf my cov'nant-God,
His promiſes he ſhew'd;
And wide diſplay'd their ſolemn ſeal
In the great ſurety's blood.

4 I heard his people ſhout around,
And join'd their chearful ſong;
And ſaw from far the ſhining ſeats,
Which to his ſaints belong.

5 My God, what inward ſtrength thou giv'
I to thy ſervice vow;
And in thy ſtrength would upward marc
Till at thy throne I bow.

LXIX. *Singing in the ways of* God. Pſalm cxxxviii. 5.

1 NOW let our voices join,
To form one pleaſant ſong:
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With muſic paſs along.

2 Ho

How ſtraight the path appears!
How open, and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
No fierce deſtroyer there.

But flow'rs of paradiſe
In rich profuſion ſpring;
The ſun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions ſing.

See Salem's golden ſpires
In beauteous proſpect riſe;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which ſparkle thro' the ſkies.

All honour to his name,
Who drew the ſhining trace,
To him, who leads the wand'rers on,
And chears them with his grace.

Reduce the nations, Lord,
Teach all their kings thy ways,
That earth's full choir the notes may ſwell,
And heav'n reſound the praiſe.

XX. *The innumerable mercies of* God *thankfully acknowledged.* Pſal. cxxxix. 17, 18.

IN glad amazement, Lord, I ſtand;
Amidſt the bounties of thy hand;
How numberleſs thoſe bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

But O! what poor returns I make!
What lifeleſs thanks I pay thee back!

Lord, I confeſs with humble ſhame,
My off'rings ſcarce deſerve the name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring heart deviſe
To bring ſome nobler ſacrifice:
It ſinks beneath the mighty load:
What ſhall I render to my God?

4 To him I conſecrate my praiſe,
And vow the remnant of my days;
Yet what at beſt can I pretend
Worthy ſuch gifts from ſuch a friend?

5 In deep abaſement, Lord, I ſee
My emptineſs and poverty:
Enrich my ſoul with grace divine,
And make it worthier to be thine.

6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heav'n may echo with my ſong;
The theme, too great for time, ſhall be
The joy of long eternity.

LXXI. *Praiſing* God *through the whole of our exiſtence.* Pſal. cxlvi. 2.

1 GOD of my life, thro' all its days
My grateful pow'rs ſhall found thy praiſe;
The ſong ſhall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the ſilent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my reſt,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſes rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the ſigh.

3 When

3 When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.

4 But O! when that laſt conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to fleſh no more,
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo o'er the heav'nly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing Seraphs round thy throne.

6 The chearful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathleſs ſoul can live;
A work ſo ſweet, a theme ſo high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

LXXII. *The meek beautified with ſalvation.* Pſal. cxlix. 4.

1 YE humble ſouls rejoice,
And chearful triumphs ſing;
Wake all your harmony of voice;
For Jeſus is your king.

2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your ſouls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
T' avow you for his own.

3 He brings ſalvation near,
For which his blood was paid:
How beauteous ſhall your ſouls appear
Thus ſumptuouſly array'd!

4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
When near your leader's ſeat
The talleſt ſons of pride ſhall lie,
The footſtool of your feet.

5 Salvation, Lord, is thine;
And all thy ſaints confeſs,
The royal robes, in which they ſhine,
Were wrought by ſov'reign grace.

LXXIII. *The reproofs of wiſdom mingled with promiſes and threatnings, to reclaim wandering ſinners.* Prov. i. 23.

1 HARK! for 'tis wiſdom's voice,
That breaks in gentle ſound:
Liſten, ye ſons of earth and ſin,
And gather all around.

2 What tho' ſhe ſpeaks rebukes,
That pierce the ſoul with ſmart;
True love thro' all her chaſt'nings runs,
By pain to mend the heart.

3 "Ye that have wander'd long
"In ſin's deſtructive ways,
"Turn, turn," the heav'nly charmer cries,
"And ſeize the offer'd grace.

4 "I know your ſouls are weak,
"And mortal efforts vain
"To grapple with the prince of hell,
"And break his curſed chain.

5 "But I'll my Spirit pour
"In torrents from above,

"To

" To arm you with ſuperior ſtrength,
" And melt your hearts in love.

" Come, while theſe offers laſt,
" Ye ſinners, and be wiſe;
" He lives, who hears this friendly call,
" But he that ſlights it, dies."

XXIV. *The voice of* Chriſt *addreſſed to the children of men.* Prov. viii. 4.

NOW let the liſt'ning world around
In ſilent rev'rence hear;
While from on high the Saviour's voice
Thus ſtrikes the attentive ear.

" To you, O ſons of men, I call,
" And from my lofty throne
" Reclin'd in gentle pity bow
" To bring ſalvation down.

" Ye thoughtleſs ſinners, hear my voice,
" Attend my words and live;
" My words conduct to ſolid joys,
" And endleſs bleſſings give.

" Each faithful miniſter is ſent
" This meſſage to proclaim;
" In ev'ry various providence
" The language is the ſame.

" And could the pale forgotten dead,
" Tho' deep in duſt they lie,
" Ariſe in viſionary crowds,
" They'd join the ſolemn cry.

6 " Forgetful mortals, yet be wise,
" While o'er the grave ye stand;
" Lest long-neglected love provoke
" The vengeance of my hand.

7 " In glad submission bow ye down,
" Nor steel that stubborn heart;
" Till mine inexorable voice
" Pronounce the word, Depart."

8 Blest Jesus, may thy Spirit breathe
On souls, which else must die;
For, till thy grace reflect the soun
Thy word in vain will cry.

LXXV. *The encouragement young persons have to seek, and love* Christ. Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 " The soul, that longs to see my face,
" Is sure my love to gain;
" And those that early seek my grace,
" Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away,

Away, ye falſe deluſive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my laſting choice,
And here true bliſs I find.

XXVI. *The houſe and feaſt of wiſdom.* Prov. ix. 1—6.

SEE the fair ſtructure wiſdom rears,
Her meſſengers attend;
And charm'd by her perſuaſive voice,
To her your footſteps bend.

Hear me, ye ſimple ones (ſhe cries)
" That lur'd * by folly ſtray,
" And languiſh to eternal death
" In her deteſted way.

" Enter my hoſpitable gate,
" And all my banquet ſhare;
" For heav'nly wine ſurrounds my board,
" And angels food is there.

" Freely of every dainty taſte;
" Taſte, and for ever live;
" And mingle with your joys the hopes
" Of all a God can give.

" But if ſeduc'd by folly's arts,
" Ye ſeek her pois'nous food;
" Know, that the dreadful moment haſtes,
" Which pays the feaſt with blood."

* Seduced.

LXXVII. *The excellency of the righteous, with regard to their temper.* Prov. xii. 26. Part 1.

1 HOW glorious, Lord, art thou!
How bright thy ſplendors ſhine!
Whoſe rays reflected gild thy ſaints
With ornaments divine.

2 With lowlineſs and love,
Wiſdom and courage meet;
The grateful heart, the chearful eye,
How rev'rend and how ſweet!

3 In beauties ſuch as theſe,
Thy children now are dreſt;
But brighter habits ſhall they wear
In regions of the bleſt.

4 In nature's barren ſoil,
Who could ſuch glories raiſe?
We own, O God, the work is thine,
And thine be all the praiſe.

LXXVIII. *The excellency of the righteous, with regard to their relations, employments, pleaſures, and hopes.* Prov. xii. 26. Part 2.

1 O ISRAEL, thou art bleſt;
Who may with thee compare!
Thine excellencies ſtand confeſs'd;
How bright thy glories are!

2 O God of Iſrael, hear,
And make this bliſs our own;
Make us the children of thy care,
The members of thy Son.

3 Thus

Thus honour'd, thus employ'd,
By theſe great motives fir'd,
Be paradiſe on earth enjoy'd,
And brighter hopes inſpir'd.

Thy people, Lord, we love;
Their God our ſouls embrace;
So may we find in worlds above
Among thy ſaints a place.

XXIX. *Walking with* God; *or being in his fear all the day long.* Prov. xxiii. 17.

THRICE happy ſouls, who born from heav'n,
While yet they ſojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And ſpend them in his fear!

So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the ſacred pages * o'er,
And praiſe thy name and pray.

'Midſt hourly cares may love preſent
Its incenſe to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

As ſanctified to nobleſt ends
Be each refreſhment ſought;
And by each various providence
Some wiſe inſtruction brought.

* The holy ſcriptures.

5 When

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

6 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our pow'rs to rest.

8 In solid pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

LXXX. *The obstinate sinner alarmed.* Prov xxix. 1.

1 NOW let the sons of Belial * hear
The thunders of the Lord;
Unfold their long rebellious ear,
And tremble at his word.

2 Now let the iron sinew bow,
And take his easy yoke;
Lest sudden vengeance lay it low
By one resistless stroke.

3 Tho' yet the great Physician wait,
And healing balm be found,

* Disobedient rebellious persons.

One hour may ſeal their endleſs fate,
And fix a deadly wound.

Swift may thy mercy, Lord, ariſe,
Ere juſtice ſtop their breath;
And lighten thoſe deluded eyes,
That ſleep the ſleep of death.

XXXI. God's *reaſonable expectations from his vineyard.* Iſa. v. 1—7.

THE vineyard of the Lord, how fair!
Planted by his peculiar care:
Behold its branches ſpread, and fill
The borders of his ſacred hill.

His eye hath mark'd the choſen ground;
His mighty hand hath fenc'd it round;
His ſervants by his order wait,
To watch and aid its tender ſtate.

But when the vintage he demands
For all the labour of their hands,
What cluſters doth his vine produce?
The grapes are wild, and ſour the juice.

Well might he tear its fence away,
And leave it to the beaſts of prey,
Might give it to the wild again,
And charge his clouds to ceaſe their rain.

But ſpare our land, our churches ſpare,
Thy vengeance long-provok'd forbear;
Let the true vine its influence give,
And bid our with'ring branches live.

LXXXII. Isaiah's *obedience to the heavenly vision.* Isa. vi. 8.

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in Majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal * hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces, and their feet.

3 And can a sinful worm endure
The presence of a God so pure?
Or these polluted lips proclaim
The honours of so grand a name?

4 O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch my lips, to fire my soul,
To purge the sordid dross away,
And into crystal turn my clay!

5 Then, if a messenger thou ask,
A lab'rer for the hardest task,
Thro' all my weakness and my fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

6 Nor should my willing soul complain,
Tho' all its efforts seem'd in vain;
Its ample recompence shall be,
But to have wrought, my God, for thee.

* Heavenly.

LXXXIII. *The ſtupidity of* Iſrael, *and of* Britain *lamented.* Iſa. vi. 9—12.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 LORD, when thine Iſrael we ſurvey,
We in their crimes diſcern our own;
And if thou turn our pray'r away,
Our mis'ry muſt, like theirs, be known.

2 To us thy prophets have been ſent
With words of terror and of love;
But not the vengeance, nor the grace,
Ten thouſand ſtubborn hearts will move.

3 Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears;
Our hearts are harden'd into ſtone;
As we would bar thy mercy out,
And leave a way for wrath alone.

4 Juſtly our God might give us up
To plague and famine and the ſword;
Till towns and cities, rich and fair,
Lay deſolate without a Lord.

5 O'er bleeding wounds of ſlaughter'd friends
Rivers of helpleſs grief might flow,
Till the fierce conqu'ror's haughty rage
Dragg'd us to chains and ſlaughter too.

6 But ſpare a nation long thy own,
And ſhew new miracles of grace;
'Tis thine to heal the deaf and blind,
And wake the dead to life and praiſe.

For a Fast-Day.

1 GREAT God of hosts, attend our pray'r,
And make the British Isles thy care:
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When angry nations round us rise.

2 Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the dust defile our crown,
Deluge our houses with our blood,
And burn the temples of our God.

3 But 'midst the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage:
O raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

4 May Britain, as one man, be led
To make the Lord her fear and dread;
Our souls no other fear shall know,
Tho' earth were leagu'd with hell below.

5 Give ear, ye countries from afar:
Ye proud associate nations hear;
While fix'd on him, who rules the sky,
Our hearts your threat'ned war defy.

6 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd force unite again;
Again shall all that force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the stroke.

7 Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years,

And

And deſtines for approaching days
Victorious ſhouts, and ſongs of praiſe.

Emanuel's land ſhall ſafe remain,
Bleſt with its Saviour's gentle reign;
Till ev'ry hoſtile rumour ceaſe
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

LXXXV. Chriſt *the ſteward of* God's *family*. Iſa. xxii. 22—24. *compared with* Rev. iii. 7.

WITH what delight I raiſe my eyes,
And view the courts where Jeſus dwells!
Jeſus, who reigns beyond the ſkies,
And here below his grace reveals.

Of David's royal houſe the key
Is borne by that majeſtic hand;
Manſions and treaſures there I ſee,
Subjected all to his command.

He ſhuts, and worlds might ſtrive in vain
The mighty obſtacle to move;
He looſes all their bars again,
And who ſhall ſhut the gates of love?

Fix'd in omnipotence he bears
The glories of his Father's name,
Suſtains his people's weighty cares,
Thro' ev'ry changing age the ſame.

My little all I there ſuſpend,
Where the whole weight of heav'n is hung:
Secure I reſt on ſuch a friend,
And into rapture wake my tongue.

LXXXVI. *The rich provision and happy effects of the gospel.* Isa. xxv. 6—9.

1 BEHOLD our God, he owns his name;
Jehovah all our songs proclaim
With shouts of wonder and of joy:
Long have we waited for his grace,
No longer now his love delays
For Zion his own arm t' employ.

2 We charge our souls the joy to feel;
We charge our tongues his praise to tell:
Th' Almighty Saviour! This is he!
He pours his streams of grace abroad,
Till all the earth confess the God,
And lands remote his glory see.

3 Dainties how rich his stores afford!
How pure the wine that crowns his board,
While welcome nations flock around!
He takes the veil of grief away;
Thro' thickest shades he darts the day,
And not one weeping eye is found.

4 All-conqu'ring death, no longer boast
O'er millions humbled in the dust;
Our God with scorn thy triumph sees:
Soon as he aims one shaft * at thee,
Swallow'd and lost in victory,
Thine empire and thy name shall cease.

* Arrow.

XXXVII. *The peaceful ſtate of the ſoul that truſteth in* God. Iſa. xxvi. 3.

WEARY and weak and faint,
I caſt mine eyes around;
My joints all tremble, and my feet
Sink deep in miry ground.

Deſpairing help below,
To heav'n I raiſe my cries;
God hears, and his almighty arm
Out-ſtretches from the ſkies.

I on that arm repoſe,
And all my fears are o'er;
New ſtrength diffus'd thro' all my ſoul
Atteſts its vital pow'r.

My mind in perfect peace
Thy guardian care ſhall keep:
I'll yield to gentle ſlumbers now,
For thou canſt never ſleep.

Happy the ſouls alone
On thee ſecurely ſtay'd!
Nor ſhall they be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death diſmay'd.

XXXVIII. Iſrael's *obſtinacy under* God's *lifted hand.* Iſa. xxvi. 11.

LORD, when thy hand is lifted up,
The wicked will not ſee:
But they ſhall ſee with glowing ſhame,
Tho' they obdurate be.

2 How few the weighty ſtroke regard,
And ſeek their Maker's face!
In vain may providence correct,
If not enforc'd by grace.

3 Exert thy mighty influence, Lord,
And melt the ſtony breaſt;
Then ſhall thy juſtice be ador'd,
Thy mercy ſtand confeſs'd.

4 The ſcorner then ſhall mourn in duſt,
And put his ſins away,
No more reſiſt his Maker's hands,
But lift his own to pray.

LXXXIX. God *quickening the dead.* Iſai. xxvi. 19.

1 THE ever-living God
Th' expiring church ſhall raiſe;
Our hearts his promiſes receive,
And wake a ſhout of praiſe.

2 Death ſhall not always reign,
Where grace hath fix'd his throne;
His ſoft compaſſion views the duſt
He once hath call'd his own.

3 "Yes," ſaith the God of truth,
"My dead ſhall live again;
"The foe ſhall ſee their leader's breath
"Reanimate the ſlain.

4 "The dew of heaven ſhall fall
"In rich abundance round,
"And a redundant harveſt riſe
"To clothe the teeming ground.

5 "No

5 " Now from your duſt awake,
" And burſt into a ſong;
" Then ſpurn the earth, and mount the ſkies
" In a triumphant throng."

6 Thy Zion, Lord, believes
A promiſe ſo divine,
And looks thro' all her flowing tears
To ſee the glory ſhine.

XC. *The godly man's ark.* Iſa. xxvi. 20.

1 IT is my Father's voice;
And O! how ſweet the ſound!
It makes my inmoſt pow'rs rejoice,
My trembling heart rebound.

2 " Mark, the black tempeſt lours,
" And gathers round the ſky;
" Retire and ſhun the ſweeping ſhow'rs
" Of indignation nigh.

3 " Come, my dear children, come,
" And ſeek your Father's arms;
" There is your ſhelter, there your home,
" 'Midſt all theſe dire alarms.

4 " Enter at his command;
" Cloſe in your ark remain;
" And wait the ſignal of his hand
" To call you forth again.

5 " The moments to beguile,
" A chearful ſong begin;
" Nor let the roaring thunders ſpoil
" The harmony within.

6 " Ere

6 " Ere long the ſky ſhall clear,
" The clouds be chas'd away,
" And grace ſhall ſhine in radiance fair
" Thro' an eternal day."

XCI. *Laying hold on* God's *ſtrength, that we may be at peace with him.* Iſa. xxvii. 5.

1 THUS ſaith Jehovah from his ſeat,
" Who ſhall preſume my wrath to meet?
" What rebel men or angels dare
" To wage with me unequal war?

2 " Cloſe let the thorns and briars ſtand,
" In thick array on either hand;
" Forth ſhall my flaming terrors fly;
" At once they kindle, blaze, and die.

3 Preſumptuous ſinners, yet be wiſe
" Ere this o'erwhelming ruin riſe;
" Your vain tumultuous efforts ceaſe,
" And ſeek in ſuppliant crowds for peace."

4 Great God, we bleſs the gentle ſound,
And bow ſubmiſſive to the ground;
Thy proſtrate foes let pity raiſe,
And form a people to thy praiſe.

5 His thund'ring ſtorms are ſilent now;
Calm are the terrors of his brow,
Since Jeſus makes the Father known,
Our guardian ſhield, our chearing ſun.

XCII. *The divine goodneſs in moderating afflictions.* Iſa. xxvii. 8.

GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine:
We hear thy breath in ev'ry ſtorm,
For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they ſweep their ſounding way,
They work thy ſov'reign will;
And aw'd by thy majeſtic voice
Confuſion ſhall be ſtill.

Thy mercy tempers * ev'ry blaſt
To them that ſeek thy face;
And mingles with the tempeſt's roar
The whiſpers of thy grace.

Thoſe gentle whiſpers let me hear,
Till all the tumult ceaſe;
And gales of paradiſe ſhall lull
My weary ſoul to peace.

* Moderates.

XCIII. God *waiting to be gracious.* Iſaiah xxx. 18.

WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word ſupport your ſoul:
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears controul.

He waits his own well-choſen hour
Th' intended mercy to diſplay;

And

And his paternal bowels move,
While wiſdom dictates the delay.

3 With mingled majeſty and love
At length he riſes from his throne;
And while ſalvation he commands,
He makes his people's joy his own.

4 Bleſt are the humble ſouls that wait,
With ſweet ſubmiſſion to his will;
Harmonious all their paſſions move,
And in the midſt of ſtorms are ſtill.

5 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their ſilence into ſongs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praiſe,
And heav'n the grateful ſhout prolongs.

XCIV. *The different views of good and bad men in times of public danger.* Iſa. xxxiii 14—17.

1 SEE, the deſtruction is begun,
And heaps of ruin ſpread the ground;
With haſty ſtrides it marches on,
And ſcatters conſternation round.

2 Sinners in Zion take th' alarm,
The hypocrites aſtoniſh'd cry,
Who with devouring flames can dwell?
Who in eternal burnings lie?

3 God's gracious voice the ſaints revives;
How ſweet the heav'nly accents ſound!
" Dwell thou on high, my child, (he ſays
" Where rocks ſhall guard thee all around

4 " Ther

" There ſhall my hand thy wants ſupply,
" Thy water and thy bread are ſure;
" There ſhall my viſits make thee glad,
" While theſe alarming ſcenes endure.

" Then, led in joyous triumph forth,
" Thine eyes the diſtant land ſhall view,
" Shall ſee thy king in beauty dreſt,
" And ſhare his royal honours too."

My ſoul the oracle receives,
And feels its energy to chear;
A promis'd heaven, a preſent God,
Forbids my grief, forbids my fear.

XCV. God *the defence of his people from invading enemies.* Iſa. xxxiii. 21—23.

THE glorious Lord! his Iſrael's hope!
How well he bears their courage up!
How wide his ſaving pow'r extends!
His princely titles will we ſing,
Our judge, our law-giver, our king,
He guards his ſubjects as his friends.

2 Around the mountain where they dwell,
Lo, at his word new waters ſwell
To deluge the invading foe!
Open'd by him that rules the ſkies,
Mark the broad rivers how they riſe,
And with what rapid ſtrength they flow!

3 To gain the well-defended ſhores
In vain the galley ſpreads its oars,
And the proud ſhip her ſails diſplays:

The

The ſails are rent, the maſts are broke,
The ſhatter'd oars all drop their ſtroke,
And lightnings thro' the tacklings blaze.

4 Shout your Hoſannas to the Lord:
Thus ſhall he ſtill his Zion guard,
Till the laſt foe be trampled down:
High as the heav'ns exalt his praiſe;
High as the heav'ns his hand ſhall raiſe
The ſoul that here his grace hath known.

XCVI. *The high way to Zion.* Iſa. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliv'rer ſing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;
How holy, and how plain!
Nor ſhall the ſimpleſt trav'lers err,
Nor aſk the track in vain.

3 No rav'ning lion ſhall deſtroy,
Nor lurking ſerpent wound;
Pleaſure and ſafety, peace and praiſe,
Thro' all the path are found.

4 A hand divine ſhall lead you on
Thro' all the bliſsful road:
Till to the ſacred mount you riſe,
And ſee your ſmiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;

While

While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect chear your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

XCVII. *The greatness and majesty of* God, *and the meanness of the creatures.* Isa. xl. 15, 16, 17.

YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.

2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high;
And search, what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring,
To blaze before the sov'reign King;
And all the beasts that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.

5 Join'd with the living, let the dead
Rising the face of earth o'erspread;
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.

6 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

XCVIII. *The timorous saint encouraged by the assurance of the divine presence and help.* Isa. xli. 10.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right-hand which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints;
And in such tender accents speak
To soothe their sad complaints?

4 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.

5 While I his gracious succour prove
'Midst all my various ways,
The darkest shades, thro' which I pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

XCIX. *The humiliation and exaltation of* God's Iſrael. Iſa. xli. 14, 15.

AMAZING grace of God on high!
And will the Lord look down
On ſinners, while in duſt they lie,
And dread his awful frown?

2 Weaker than worms, O Lord, are we,
And viler far than they;
Yet in theſe reptiles * weak and vile,
Doſt thou thy pow'r diſplay,

3 Jehovah's ſov'reign voice is heard,
The worm lifts up its head,
And mountains, that would cruſh it down,
Before the worm are fled.

4 Thou holy One, thine Iſrael's King,
Thou our Redeemer art;
Nor ſhall the bleſſings of thy hand
From thy redeem'd depart.

5 Thy love ſhall its own work fulfil,
And grace ſhall riſe on grace,
Till worms of earth around thy throne
With angels find a place.

* Creeping things.

C. *The wilderneſs transformed,* or *the happy effects of the goſpel.* Iſa. xli. 18, 19. *compared with* xxxv. 1, 2. xi. 6—9. lv. 13. *&c.*

1 AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!

My thoughts with tranſport range
The lovely ſcene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is thine,
Be thine the praiſe.

2 See cryſtal fountains play
Amidſt the burning ſands;
The river's winding way
Shines thro' the thirſty lands;
New graſs is ſeen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet ſpreads
Of living green.

3 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
Gay flow'rs for ever new
The painted fields adorn;
The bluſhing roſe,
And lily there,
In union fair
Their ſweets diſcloſe.

4 Where the bleak mountain ſtood,
All bare and diſarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuſe its grateful ſhade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confeſs the God.

5 The

The tyrants of the plain
Their ſavage chaſe give o'er:
No more they rend the ſlain,
And thirſt for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers ſtroak,
And lions yoke
In flow'ry bands.

O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall theſe glad ſcenes ariſe;
To verify thy word,
And bleſs our wond'ring eyes!
That earth may raiſe,
With all its tongues,
United ſongs
Of ardent praiſe.

XI. *The blind and weak led and ſupported in* God's *way*. Iſa. xlii. 16.

PRAISE to the radiant ſource of bliſs,
Who gives the blind their ſight,
And ſcatters round their wond'ring eyes
A flood of ſacred light.

In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode,
And ſhews new miracles of grace
Thro' all the heavenly road.

The ways all rugged and perplex'd
He renders ſmooth and ſtraight,
And ſtrengthens ev'ry feeble knee
To march to Zion's gate.

4 Thro' all the path I'll ſing his name,
Till I the mount aſcend,
Where toils and ſtorms are known no mo
And anthems never end.

CII. God *calling his* Iſrael *by name, and lea*
ing them thro' water and fire. Iſa. xliii. 1,

1 LET Jacob to his Maker ſing,
And praiſe his great redeeming Kin
Call'd by a new, a gracious name,
Let Iſrael loud his God proclaim.

He knows our ſouls in all their fears,
And gently wipes our falling tears,
Forms trembling voices to a ſong,
And bids the feeble heart be ſtrong.

3 Then let the rivers ſwell around,
And riſing floods o'erflow the ground;
Rivers and floods and ſeas divide,
And homage pay to Iſrael's guide.

4 Then let the fires their rage diſplay,
And flaming terrors bar the way;
Unburnt, unſing'd, he leads them thro',
And makes the flames refreſhing too.

5 The fires but on their bonds ſhall prey *
The floods but waſh their ſtains away,
And grace divine new trophies † raiſe
Amidſt the deluge, and the blaze.

* Alluſion to the ſtory in Dan. iii. 19, &c.
† Monuments of victory.

CIII. 2

CIII. *The riches of pardoning grace celebrated.* Isa. xliv. 22, 32.

LET heav'n burst forth into a song;
Let earth reflect the joyful sound;
Ye mountains with the echo ring,
And shout, ye forests, all around.

The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd,
Hath made his mourning people glad,
And the rich glories of his name
In their salvation hath display'd.

Unnumber'd sins, like sable clouds,
Veil'd ev'ry chearful ray of joy,
And thunders murmur'd thro' the gloom,
While lightnings pointed to destroy.

He spoke, and all the clouds dispers'd,
And heav'n unveil'd its shining face;
The whole creation smil'd anew,
Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.

Israel, return with humble love,
Return to thy redeemer's breast,
And charm'd by his melodious voice,
Compose thy weary pow'rs to rest.

CIV. *The little success which attended the personal ministry of* Christ. Isa. xlix. 4.

AND doth the son of God complain,
"Lo, I have spent my strength in vain,
'And stretch'd my hands whole days and years
"To those, who slight my words and tears?"

2 O ſtubborn hearts, that could withſtand
Such efforts from a ſaviour's hand!
O gracious ſaviour, who wouldſt bleed,
When words and tears could not ſucceed!

3 Fall down, my ſoul, in humble woe,
That thou haſt wrong'd his goodneſs ſo:
Now let his grace reſiſtleſs move
To melt the ſtubborn flint to love.

4 All-glorious Lord, march forth and reign,
And reap the fruit of all thy pain;
And, till a nobler ſcene appear,
Begin the happy conqueſt here.

CV. *God's captives releaſed; applied to ſpiritual deliverances.* Iſa. li. 14, 15.

1 CAPTIVES of Iſrael, hear,
Who now as exiles * mourn;
See your Almighty God appear
To haſten your return.

2 Jehovah is his name,
Lord of celeſtial hoſts:
Let heav'n that ſaving pow'r proclaim
In which his Iſrael truſts.

3 Tho' helpleſs now ye lie,
As in a dungeon thrown,
When parch'd with painful thirſt ye cry,
And when your bread is gone.

4 Deliv'rance comes apace;
Ye ſhall not there expire;

* Baniſhed perſons

Prepare

Prepare to ſing redeeming grace
With his triumphant choir.

He ſmote the raging ſea
'Midſt its tumultuous roar,
And pav'd his choſen troops a way
Safe to its diſtant ſhore.

In him let Iſrael hope,
At whoſe ſupreme command
Graves yield their breathleſs Captives up,
And Seas become dry land.

VI. *The cup of fury exchanged for the cup of bleſſings.* Iſa. li. 22.

THE Lord, our Lord, how rich his grace!
What ſtores of ſov'reign love
For humble ſouls, that ſeek his face,
And to his footſtool move!

He pleads the cauſe of all his ſaints.
When foes againſt them riſe;
He liſtens to their ſad complaints,
And wipes their ſtreaming eyes.

He takes away that dreadful cup
Of fury and of plagues,
Which juſtice ſentenc'd them to drink,
And wring the bitter dregs.

He gave it to their ſaviour's hand,
And fill'd it to the brim;
Their Saviour drank the liquid death,
That they might live by him.

5 " Now take the cup of life, (he cries)
" Where heav'nly bleſſing flow:
" Drink deep, nor fear to drain the ſprin
" To which the draught ye owe."

6 We drink, and feel our life renew'd,
And all our woes forget:
We drink, till that tranſporting hour,
When we our lord ſhall meet.

CVII. *The holy city purified and guarde*
Iſa. liii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From duſt, and darkneſs, and the dea
Tho' humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy ſaviour's ſtrengt

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories ſhall confeſs,
Deck'd in the robes of righteouſneſs.

3 No more ſhall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more ſhall hell's inſulting hoſt
Their vict'ry, and thy ſorrows boaſt.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins ſhall repair;
Rear'd and ador'd by love divine,
Thy tow'rs and battlements ſhall ſhine.

5 Grace ſhall diſpoſe my heart and voice
To ſhare, and echo back her joys;
Nor will her watchful monarch ceaſe
To guard her in eternal peace.

CVIII

VIII. *GOD's Government, Zion's Joy* Isa. lii. 7.

YE subjects of the LORD, proclaim
The royal honours of his name:
JEHOVAH reigns, be all our song,
'Tis he thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains
Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

Ye princes, boast no more your crowns,
But lay the glitt'ring trifles down
In lowly honour at his feet;
A span your narrow empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Form'd like your slaves of brittle clay,
Down to the dust your sceptres bend:
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

So shall his favour'd Zion live;
In vain confed'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy;
Her sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
And endless pow'r, and endless love
Ensure her safety, and her joy.

IX. *Divine mercies and judgments compared.* Isa. liv. 7, 8.

IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns!

What gentle accents of thy voice
Assuage thy children's pains!

2 "When I correct my chosen sons,
"A father's bowels move:
"One transient moment bounds my wrat
"But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look thro' every tear,
And view thy smiling face,
And hope amidst our sighs shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.

4 Gather at length my weary soul
To join thy saints above;
For I would learn a song of praise
Eternal as thy love.

CX. *Divine teachings, and their happy conse-quences.* Isa. liv. 13.

1 BRIGHT source of intellectual rays,
Father of spirits, and of grace,
O dart with energy unknown
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlighten'd with that heav'nly day,
And ask thy spirit, with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

3 So shall our children learn the road,
That leads them to their father's God;
And, form'd by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shin

So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children plac'd at Jesus' feet:
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

XI. *Fruitful showers, emblems of the salutary effects of the gospel.* Isaiah lv. 10, 11, 12.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heav'n from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Thro' ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast is fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
"Almighty to effect
"The purpose I intend;
"Millions of souls
"Shall feel its pow'r,
"And bare it down
"To millions more.

4 " Joy shall begin your march,
" And peace protect your ways,
" While all the mountains round
" Echo melodious praise;
" The vocal groves
" Shall sing the God,
" And ev'ry tree
" Consenting nod."

CXII. *Comfort for pious parents, who have been bereaved of their children.* Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly parent nigh.

3 Tho', your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 " I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
" In my own house a place:
" No names of daughters and of sons
" Could yield so high a grace.

5 " Tran-

" Tranſient and vain is ev'ry hope
" A riſing race can give;
" In endleſs honour and delight
" My children all ſhall live."

We welcome, Lord, thoſe riſing tears,
Thro' which thy face we ſee,
And bleſs thoſe wounds, which thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

CXIII. *The ſtranger entertained in God's houſe of prayer.* Iſaiah lvi. 6, 7. *compared with* Matt. xxi. 13. *and* Eph. ii. 19.

1 GREAT father of mankind,
We bleſs that wond'rous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God diſplays,
For us to raiſe
A houſe of pray'r!

2 Tho' once eſtranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jeſus brings us near,
And makes our cauſe his own:
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And reſt ſecure.

3 To thee our ſouls we join,
And love thy ſacred name;

No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our father-king,
Thy cov'nant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine,
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

CXIV. *Peace proclaimed, and the fruit of th*
lips created by a gracious God. Isaiah lvii. 1

1 HARK! for the great creator speaks;
In silence let the earth attend;
And, when his words of grace are heard,
In grateful adoration bend.

2 'T

" 'Tis I create the fruit of praise,
" And give the broken heart to sing ;
" Peace, heav'nly peace, my lips proclaim,
" Pleas'd with the happy news they bring.'

Receive the tidings with delight,
Ye Gentile nations from afar ;
And you, the children of his love,
Whom grace hath brought already near.

To these, to those, his sov'reign hand
It healing energy imparts :
Peace, peace, be echo'd from your tongues,
And echo'd from consenting hearts.

Enjoy the health, which God hath wrought ;
Nor let the daily tribute cease,
Till chang'd for more exalted songs
In regions of eternal peace.

CXV. *The duty of remonstrating against sin, when judgments are threatened.* Isaiah lviii. 1.

1 THY judgments cry aloud,
O ever-righteous God,
And in the sight of all our land
Thou liftest up thy rod.

2 Aloud thy servants cry,
Commission'd from thy throne,
And like a trumpet raise their voice
To make thy judgments known.

3 But who that cry attends,
And makes his safety sure?

Rock'd by the tempeſt they ſhould flee,
They ſleep the more ſecure.

4 Another trumpet, Lord,
The ſtupid ſlumb'rers need;
Nor will they hear a feebler voice
Than that, which wakes the dead.

CXVI. *Unſucceſsful faſts accounted for.* Iſaiah lviii. 3. *compared with* 4—8.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 O! Where is ſov'reign mercy gone?
Whither is Britain's God withdrawn
That thro' long years ſhe ſhould complain
She faſts, and mourns, and cries in vain?

2 Haſt thou not ſeen her ſuppliant bands
Thro' all her coaſts extend their hands?
Or has their oft-repeated pray'r
Eſcap'd thy ever-liſt'ning ear?

3 Thine ear hath heard, thine eye hath ſeen
But guilt hath ſpread a cloud between;
And, riſing ſtill before thy face,
Averts thy long-intreated grace.

4 Diſpel that cloud by rays divine,
And cauſe thy chearing face to ſhine;
Our iſle ſhall ſhout from ſhore to ſhore,
And dread encroaching foes no more.

5 Our light ſhall like the morning ſpring;
Healing and joy our God ſhall bring;
Juſtice ſhall in our front appear,
And glory gather up our rear.

CXVII

CXVII. *The ſtandard of the ſpirit lifted up.* Iſa. lix. 19.

1 GOD of the ocean, at whoſe voice
The threat'ning floods are heard no more,
Behold their madneſs and their noiſe,
And ſilence the tumultuous roar.

2 Her ſtreams of pois'nous error ſwell;
There rages vice in ev'ry form;
They join their tide, led on by hell,
And Zion trembles at the ſtorm.

3 Almighty ſpirit, raiſe thine arm,
And lift the Saviour's ſtandard high;
Thy people's hearts with vigour warm,
And call thy choſen legions nigh.

4 Wak'd by thy well-known voice they come,
And round the ſacred banner throng:
Zion prepare the Conqu'ror room,
While triumph burſts into a ſong.

5 "The Lord on high, when billows roar,
"Superior majeſty diſplays,
"And, by one breath of ſov'reign pow'r,
"Huſhes the noiſe of foaming ſeas."

CXVIII. *The glory of the church in the latter day.* Iſa. lx. 1.

1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raiſe thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boaſt ſalvation nigh.

Chearful

Chearful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sov'reign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer purer skies;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres *
His influence own.

* Orbs or paths in which the stars move.

CXIX

CXIX. *God the everlasting light of the saints above.* Isa. lx. 20.

1 YE golden lamps of heav'n, *, farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewel, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day †,
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian ‡ sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

* The stars. † The sun. ‡ Noon-day.

CXX.

CXX. *God intreated for* Zion. Isa. lxi 6, 7.

For a fast-day; or *a day of prayer for th revival of religion.*

1 INDULGENT sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
Till thy own pow'r shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd
Here in thy sacred temple wait:
For this, we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide roalms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

5 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

6 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,
And light invade her darkest gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of Satan, and of Rome.

7 Witl

With gentle beams on Britain ſhine,
And bleſs her princes, and her prieſts;
And, by thine energy divine,
Let ſacred love o'erflow their breaſts.

Triumphant here let Jeſus reign,
And on his vineyard ſweetly ſmile;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our church, adorn our iſle.

On all our ſouls let grace deſcend,
Like heav'nly dew in copious ſhow'rs,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail ſalvation ours.

Then ſhall each age and rank agree
United ſhouts of joy to raiſe:
And Zion, made a praiſe by thee,
To thee ſhall render back the praiſe.

XXI. *A nation born in a day;* or *the rapid progreſs of the goſpel deſired.* Iſa. lxvi. 8.

BEHOLD with pleaſing ecſtaſy
The goſpel ſtandard lifted high,
That all the nations from afar
May in the great ſalvation ſhare.

Why then, Almighty Saviour, why
Do wretched ſouls in millions lie?
While o'er th' infernal tyrant reigns
O'er ſpacious realms in pond'rous * chains.

* Heavy.

And

3 And shall he still go on to boast,
Thy cross its energy hath lost?
And shall thy servants still complain,
Their labours, and their tears are vain!

4 Awake, all-conqu'ring arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake;
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call the ruin'd world thy own.

5 Thine all-successful pow'r display;
Produce a nation in a day;
For at thy word this barren earth
Shall travail with a gen'ral birth.

6 Swift let thy quick'ning spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death;
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds
Like waving corn before the winds.

7 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure
A world, where thou art known no more;
Transform it, Lord, by conqu'ring love;
Or bear us to the realms above.

CXXII. *Backsliding* Israel *invited to return to God.* Jerem. iii. 12, 13.

1 BACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice
Of thy forgiving God,
Nor force such goodness to exert
The terrors of the rod.

2 Thus saith the Lord, "my mercy flows
"An unexhausted stream,

"And

" And, after all its millions fav'd,
" Its fway is ſtill ſupreme.

3 " One moment's wrath with weighty cruſh
" Might ſink you quick to hell;
" Yet mercy points the happy path,
" Where life and glory dwell.

4 " Own but the follies thou haſt done,
" And mourn thy ſins in duſt,
" And ſoon thy trembling heart ſhall learn
" To hope, and love, and truſt."

5 All-gracious God, thy voice we own;
And, proſtrate at thy feet,
Our ſouls in humble ſilence wait
A pardon there to meet.

CXXIII. *The goodneſs of God acknowledged in giving paſtors after his own heart.* Jerem iii. 15.

At the ſettlement of a miniſter.

1 SHEPHERD of Iſrael, thou doſt keep
With conſtant care thy humble ſheep;
By thee inferior paſtors riſe
To feed our ſouls, and bleſs our eyes.

2 To all thy churches ſuch impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whoſe courage, watchfulneſs, and love,
Men may atteſt, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy ſheep appear,

And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's paſtures tread.

4 Here haſt thou liſten'd to our vows,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings on thy houſe;
Thy ſaints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As ſheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former ſtroke,
And bleſs the ſhepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raiſe,
And own this tribute of our praiſe.

CXXIV. *God's gracious methods of adopting love.* Jerem. iii. 19.

1 AMAZING plan of ſov'reign love!
And doth our God look down
On rebels, whom his wrath might doom
To periſh at his frown?

2 Doth he project a wond'rous ſcheme
In ſuch a way to ſave,
That juſtice, majeſty, and grace,
May one joint triumph have?

3 One look the ſtubborn heart ſubdues,
And at his feet they fall;
They own their father with delight,
And he receives them all.

4 Number'd amongſt his deareſt ſons,
The pleaſant land they ſhare;
On earth ſecur'd by pow'r divine,
Till crown'd with glory there.

5 Father,

5 Father, in thine embraces lodg'd,
Our heav'n begun we feel,
And wait th' hour, which thou ſhalt mark
Thy counſels to fulfil.

CXXV. *Creatures vain, and God the ſalvation of his people.* Jerem. iii. 23.

1 HOW long ſhall dreams of creature-bliſs
Our flatt'ring hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded eyes
With * viſionary joy?

2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our ſalvation ſought,
While our eternal rock's forſook,
And Iſrael's God forgot?

3 The living ſpring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we with anxious fruitleſs toil
Our broken ciſterns hew.

4 Theſe fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity ſee:
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our ſouls on thee.

* The appearance of joy.

CXXVI. *Invitation to return to the Lord, and put away abominations.* Jerem. iv, 1, 2.

1 IT is the Lord of glory calls,
O let his Iſrael hear:

" Stop, ye revolters, in your courſe,
" And hearken, and come near.

2 " What tho' in ſin's deluſive paths
" Ye from your youth have ſtray'd;
" What tho' my meſſages of love
" Have been with ſcorn repay'd;

3 " At laſt return, and grace divine
" Your wand'rings ſhall forget;
" If loyal zeal and love dethrone
" Each idol from its ſeat.

4 " Return, and dwell ſecure on earth,
" As in your Lord's embrace,
" Till in the land of perfect joy
" Ye find a nobler place."

5 Father of mercies, lo, we come,
Subdu'd by ſuch a call;
O let the hand of grace divine
Reduce and bleſs us all.

6 So will we teach the world that love,
Which we are made to ſee,
And wand'rers ſhall with us return,
And bleſs themſelves in thee.

CXXVII. *Miſimproved privileges, and diſappointed hopes.* Jerem. viii. 20,

1 ALAS, how faſt our moments fly!
How ſhort our months appear!
How ſwift thro' various ſeaſons haſtes
The ſtill revolving year!

2 Seaſons

2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,
While Jesus waiting stands,
And spreads the blessings of his love
With wide-extended hands.

3 But O! how slow our stupid souls
These blessings to secure!
Blessings, which thro' eternal years
Unwith'ring shall endure.

4 Beneath the word of life we die:
We starve amidst our store;
And what salvation should impart
Heightens our ruin more.

5 Pity this madness, God of love,
And make us truly wise:
So from the pregnant seeds of grace
Shall glorious harvests rise.

CXXVIII. *Glorying in God alone.* Jerem. ix. 23, 24.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends;
All heav'n before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Such works are pleasing in his sight,
And such the men of his delight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong, your valour trust:

Nor let the rich ſurvey his ſtore,
Elate * with heaps of ſhining ore.

4 Glory, my ſoul, in this alone,
That God, thy God, to thee is known,
That thou haſt own'd his ſov'reign ſway,
That thou haſt felt his chearing ray.

5 My wiſdom, wealth, and pow'r I find
In one Jehovah all combin'd!
On him I fix my roving eyes,
Till all my ſoul in rapture riſe.

6 All elſe, which I my treaſure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what his happineſs can move,
Whom God the bleſſed deigns † to love?

* Lifted up. † Condeſcends.

CXXIX. Jeremiah's *tears over the captive flock.* Jerem. xiii. 15—17.

1 FLOW on, my tears, in riſing ſtreams,
Ye briny fountains, flow;
While haughty ſinners ſteel their hearts,
Nor will Jehovah know.

2 The flock of God is captive led
In ſatan's heavy chains;
Led to the borders of the pit,
Where endleſs horror reigns.

3 Look back, ye captives, and invoke
Jehovah's ſaving aid;

Give

Give him the glory of his name,
Whose hand your nature made.

4 O turn, ere yet your erring feet
On death's dark mountain fall;
Cry, and your gentle shepherd's ear
Will hearken to your call.

5 Then shall those hearts with pleasure spring,
Which now in sorrow melt;
And deep repentance yield a joy
Proud guilt hath never felt.

6 Almighty grace, exert thy pow'r,
And turn these slaves of sin;
And, when they bring thy tribute due,
Shall their own bliss begin.

CXXX. *Giving glory to God, before darkness comes upon us.* Jerem. xiii. 16.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its maker can command
An instantaneous * night.

3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze;

* Sudden.

And

And cuts from ſmiling vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.

4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet ſhall quickly ſlide;
And from its airy ſummit daſh
Your momentary pride.

5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling ſphere *;
Submiſſive at his footſtool bow,
And ſeek ſalvation there.

6 Then ſhall new luſtre break
Thro' horror's darkeſt gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celeſtial home.

* The revolution of the ſun, moon, and ſtars.

CXXXI. *The fatal conſequences of forſaking the hope of Iſrael.* Jerem. xvii. 13, 14.

1 GREAT object of thine Iſrael's hope,
Its Saviour, and its praiſe,
Attend, while we to thee devote
The remnant of our days.

2 How wretched they that leave the Lord,
And from his word withdraw,
That loſe his goſpel from their ſight,
And wander from his law!

3 O thou eternal ſpring of good,
Whence living waters flow,

Let

Let not our thirſty erring ſouls
To broken ciſterns go.

4 Like chaſacters inſcrib'd in duſt
Are ſinners borne away;
And all the treaſures they can boaſt,
The portion of a day.

5 But, Lord, to thee my heart ſhall turn
To heal it, and to ſave;
The joys, that from thy favour flow,
Shall bloom beyond the grave.

CXXXII. *Chriſt, the Lord our righteouſneſs.*
Jerem. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we truſt;
Thou art the Lord our righteouſneſs,
Thou art thine Iſrael's boaſt.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in duſt we lie,
Till Jeſus ſtretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The ſins of one moſt righteous day
Might plunge us in deſpair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Shall our great ſurety clear.

4 That ſpotleſs robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemiſh ſhall be found.

5 Pardon

5 Pardon and peace, and lively hope
To ſinners now are giv'n;
Iſrael and Judah ſoon ſhall change
Their wilderneſs for heav'n.

6 With joy we taſte that manna now,
Thy mercy ſcatters down;
We ſeal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

CXXXIII. *The efficacy of God's word.* Jerem. xxiii. 29.

1 WITH rev'rend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word;
The pride of Lebanon it breaks:
Swift the celeſtial fire deſcends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends,
And earth to its deep center ſhakes.

2 Array'd in majeſty divine,
Here ſanctity and juſtice ſhine,
And horror ſtrikes the rebel thro';
While loud this awful voice makes know
The wonders which thy ſword hath done
And what thy vengeance yet ſhall do.

3 So ſpread the honours of thy name;
The terrors of a God proclaim;
Thick let the pointed arrows fly;
Till ſinners, humbled in the duſt,
Shall own the execution juſt,
And bleſs the hand by which they die.

4 The

Then clear the dark tempeſtuous day,
And radiant beams of love diſplay;
Each proſtrate ſoul let mercy raiſe:
So ſhall the bleeding captives feel,
Thy word, which gave the wound, can heal,
And change their groans to ſongs of praiſe.

CXXXIV. *The poſſibility of dying this year.* Jerem. xxviii. 16.

For New Years-Day.

GOD of my life, thy conſtant care
With bleſſings crowns each op'ning year;
This guilty life doſt thou prolong,
And wake anew mine annual ſong.

How many precious ſouls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing ſun
Thro' his laſt yearly period run!

We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
"I will retain this vital breath:
"Thus far at leaſt in league with death *?"

That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my ſoul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our ſpirits we reſign,
Make them and own them ſtill as thine;

* Iſaiah xxviii. 15.

So

So ſhall they ſmile, ſecure from fear,
Tho' death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

6 Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming ſhore,
Where years and death are known no more.

CXXXV. *God's complacency in his thoughts of peace towards his people.* Jerem. xxix. 11.

1 VILER than duſt, O Lord, are we;
And doth thine anger ceaſe?
And doth thy gracious heart o'erflow
With purpoſes of peace?

2 And doſt thou with delight reflect
On what thy grace ſhall do?
And with complacency of ſoul
Enjoy the diſtant view?

3 And can thy often injur'd love
So kind a meſſage ſend,
That thou to all our lengthen'd woes
Wilt give the expected end?

4 Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes
While ſuch a voice we hear?
Why riſe our ſorrows and our fears,
While ſuch a friend is near?

5 To all thy other favours add
A heart to truſt thy word,
And death itſelf ſhall hear us ſing,
While reſting on the Lord.

CXXXVI. *The impudent Rebellion of the* Jewish *Refugees at* Pathros. Jer. xliv. 16, 17, 28.

1 WHOSE words against the Lord are stout?
Or who presume to say,
"That sov'reign law, which God proclaims,
"I dare to disobey?"

2 Ten thousand actions ev'ry where
The impious language speak:
Yet pow'r omnipotent stands by,
Nor do its thunders break.

3 But O! the dreadful day draws near,
When God's avenging hand
Shall shew if feeble mortals breath,
Or God's own word shall stand,

4 My soul, with prostrate rev'rence fall,
Before the voice divine;
And all thine int'rest, and thy pow'rs
To its command resign.

5 Speak, mighty Lord; thy servant waits
The purport of thy will:
My heart with secret ardour glows
Its Mandates * to fulfil.

6 Let the vain sons of Belial boast
Their tongues and thoughts are free;
My noblest liberty I own,
When subject most to thee.

* Commands.

CXXXVII. *Asking the way to* Zion, *in order to join in covenant with God.* Jer. l, 5.

1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face
With a determin'd will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent pray'r.

4 Come let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal without delay
The cov'nant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface *.

6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their father's God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

* Blot out, destroy.

CXXXVIII. *Searching and trying our ways.* Lament. iii. 40.

1 THY piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways;
Teach us their tendency to know,
And judge the paths in which we go.

2 How wild, how crooked have they been!
A maze of foolishness and sin!
With all the light we vainly boast,
Leaving our guide, our souls are lost.

3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,
So fatally our feet had stray'd,
Stern justice had its pris'ners led
Down to the chambers of the dead.

4 O turn us back to thee again,
Or we shall search our ways in vain;
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
And bear us on to Zion's hill.

5 Roll on, ye swift-revolving years,
And end this round of sins and cares;
No more a wand'rer would I roam,
But near my father fix at home.

CXXXIX. *The breath of our nostrils taken in the pits of the enemy; applied to* CHRIST. Lament. iv. 20.

1 BLEST Saviour, to my heart more dear
Than balmy gales of vital air;

Were thy soul-chearing presence gone,
What use of breath, unless to groan?

2 Thy father's royal hand hath shed,
In rich profusion on thy head,
Ten thousand graces; Thou alone
Canst share, and canst adorn his throne.

3 But see the sov'reign captive led,
Snar'd in the pit which traitors made,
Fetter'd with ignominious bands,
And murder'd by rebellious hands.

4 Ye Saints, to your expiring king
Your tributary sorrows bring;
In loyal crowds assemble round,
And bathe in tears each precious wound.

5 But from the caverns of the grave
He springs, omnipotent to save;
The captive-king ascends and reigns,
And drags his conquer'd foes in chains.

6 Beneath his shade our souls shall live,
In all the rapture heaven can give;
Where Zion never shall deplore,
And heathens vex his church no more.

CXL. *Of lamenting national sins.* Ezek. ix. 4—6.

For a Fast-Day.

1 O Righteous God, Thou judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name;
And all our crying guilt we own
In dust and tears before thy throne.

2 So

2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimſon tincture dyes our ſin,
That, could we all its horrors know,
Our ſtreaming eyes with blood might flow.

3 Britain, the land thine arm hath ſav'd,
That arm moſt impiouſly hath brav'd *;
Britain, the iſle its God hath lov'd,
A rebel to that love hath prov'd.

4 Eſtrang'd from reverential awe,
We trample on thy ſacred law;
And tho' ſuch wonders grace had done,
Anew we crucify thy ſon.

5 Juſtly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
And, bath'd in heaven † thy ſword might come
To drink our blood, and ſeal our doom.

6 Yet haſt thou not a remnant here,
Whoſe ſouls are fill'd with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While proſtrate at thy feet they lie.

7 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their ſecret groan:
With theſe we join our humble pray'r;
Our nation ſhield, our country ſpare.

8 But if the ſentence be decreed,
And our dear native land muſt bleed,
By thy ſure mark may we be known,
And ſave in life or death thy own.

* Defied. † *Iſaiah* xxxiv. 5.

CXLI. *The iniquity of sacrificing God's children*; or, *the evil of a bad or neglected education.* Ezek. xvi. 20, 21 *.

1 BEHOLD, O Israel's God,
From thine exalted throne,
And view the desolate abode,
Thou once hast call'd thy own.

2 The children of thy flock,
By early cov'nant thine,
See how they pour their bleeding Souls
On ev'ry idol's shrine †!

3 To Indolence and pride
What piteous victims made!
Crush'd in their parents fond embrace,
And by their care betray'd.

4 By pleasure's polish'd dart
What numbers here are slain!
What numbers there for slaughter bound
In Mammon's golden chain!

5 O let thine arm awake,
And dash the idols down:
O call the captives of their pow'r
Thy treasure and thy crown.

6 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the sons adore,

* Alluding to the cruel custom among some heathens of sacrificing their children to their Gods, to which there are frequent references in scripture.

† Altar.

Join'd

Join'd to the Lord by solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

CXLII. *The humility and submission of a penitent.* Ezek. xvi. 63.

1 O injur'd majesty of heav'n
Look from thy holy throne,
While prostrate rebels own with grief
What treasons they have done.

2 Thy grace, when sin abounded most,
Reigns with superior sway;
And pardons, bought with Jesus' blood,
To rebels doth display.

3 While love its grateful anthems tunes,
Tears mingle with the song;
My heart with tender anguish bleeds,
That I such grace should wrong.

4 How shall I lift these guilty eyes
To mine offended Lord?
Or how, beneath his heaviest strokes,
Pronounce one murm'ring word?

5 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd;
But O! my father speak!
And all the harmony of heav'n
Shall thro' the silence break.

CXLIII. *God bringing his people into the covenant under the rod.* Ezek. xx. 37.

1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!

And

And O! how rich the bleſſings are,
Which bloſſom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That ev'ry ſtroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Inſtructed thus they bow,
And own his ſov'reign ſway;
They turn their erring footſteps back
To his forſaken way.

4 His cov'nant-love they ſeek,
And ſeek the happy bands,
That cloſer ſtill engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

5 Dear father, we conſent
To diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the pains, that make our ſouls
Still more completely thine.

CXLIV. *God's condeſcenſion in becoming the ſhepherd of men.* Ezek. xxxiv. 31.

1 AND will the majeſty of heav'n
Accept us for his ſheep?
And with a ſhepherd's tender care
Such worthleſs creatures keep?

2 And will he ſpread his guardian-arms
Round our defenceleſs head?
And cauſe us gently to lie down
In his refreſhing ſhade?

3 And

3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Thro' pastures ever green?

4 What thanks can mortal man repay
For favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine?

5 Eternal God, how mean are we!
How richly gracious thou!
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

CXLV. *Seeking to God for the communication of his spirit.* Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious sov'reign from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the pray'r thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred spirit from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike pow'r be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace, which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple-gate,

Each

Each preſſing on with zeal to be
A living ſacrifice to thee.

5 In anſwer to our fervent cries,
Give us to ſee thy church ariſe;
Or, if that bleſſing ſeem too great,
Give us to mourn its low eſtate.

CXLVI. Ezekiel's *viſion of the dry bones* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin ſpreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And ſcatters ſlaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can theſe mould'ring corpſes live?
And can theſe periſh'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wond'rous work is all thy own.

3 Thy miniſters are ſent in vain
To propheſy upon the ſlain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy ſpirit deign to breathe,
Life ſpreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful ſound
Shall ſhake the heav'ns, and rend the ground
Dead ſaints ſhall from their tombs ariſe,
And ſpring to life beyond the ſkies.

XLVII. *The waters of the ſanctuary healing the dead ſea** Ezek. xlvii. 8, 9.

GREAT ſource of being and of love,
Thou wat'reſt all the worlds above,
And all the joys we mortals know,
From thine exhauſtleſs fountain flow.

A ſacred ſpring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beſide thy temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid ſtream around.

The limpid ſtream with ſudden force
Swells to a river in its courſe;
Thro' deſart realms its windings play,
And ſcatter bleſſings all the way.

Cloſe by its banks in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their bloſſoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

To the dead ſea, the waters flow,
And carry healing as they go;
Its pois'nous dregs their pow'r confeſs,
And all its ſhores the fountain bleſs.

Flow, wond'rous ſtream, with glory crown'd
Flow on to earth's remoteſt bound;
And bear us on thy gentle wave
To him, who all thy virtues gave.

* The ſea or lake, where *Sodom*, *Gomorrah*, &c. had ſtood, ıich was putrid and poiſonous; and antient writers ſay, that no ı could live in it.

CXLVIII. Tekel; or, *The sinner weighed in God's balances, and found wanting.* Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye.
Behold God's balance lifted high:
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold the hand of God appears,
To trace these dreadful characters;
"Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Let horror shake thy tott'ring knees *;
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail!
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And shew a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to save;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave;
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

* Compare Verse 6.

CXLIX. *The backslider recollecting himself in his afflictions.* Hosea ii. 6, 7.

1 THE Lord, how kind are all his ways,
When most they seem severe!
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.

2 With thorns, he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death, that lurks
In sin's forbidden ground.

3 When other lovers, sought in vain,
Our fond address despise,
He opens his indulgent arms
With pity in his eyes.

4 Return, ye wand'ring souls, return,
And seek his tender breast;
Call back the mem'ry of the days,
When there you found your rest.

5 Behold, O Lord, we fly to thee,
Tho' blushes veil our face,
Constrain'd our last retreat to seek
In thy much injur'd grace.

CL. *The advantages of seeking the knowledge of God.* Hosea vi. 3.

1 SHINE forth, eternal Source * of light,
And make thy glories known;

* Fountain, or original.

Fill our enlarg'd adoring ſight
With luſtre all thy own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brighteſt creatures boaſt;
And all their grandeur and their praiſe
Is in thy preſence loſt.

3 To know the author of our fame
Is our ſublimeſt ſkill:
True ſcience is to read thy name,
True life t' obey thy will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on purſue,
Till viſions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

CLI. *Inconſtancy in religion.* Hoſea vi. 4.

1 PERPETUAL ſource of light and grace,
We hail thy ſacred name:
Thro' ev'ry year's revolving round
Thy goodneſs is the ſame.

2 On us, all-worthleſs as we are,
Its wond'rous mercy pours;
Sure as the heav'ns eſtabliſhed courſe,
And plenteous as the ſhow'rs.

3 Inconſtant ſervice we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
Falſe as the morning's ſcatt'ring cloud,
And tranſient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,

To

To bear our feeble footſteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Arm'd with this energy divine,
Our ſouls ſhall ſtedfaſt move,
And with increaſing tranſports preſs
On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy pow'r the morning ſun
Purſues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And ſhines to perfect day.

CLII. *Gratitude the ſpring of true religion.* Hoſea xi. 4.

1 MY God, what ſilken cords are thine!
How ſoft, and yet how ſtrong!
While pow'r and truth, and love combine
To draw our ſouls along.

2 Thou ſaw'ſt us cruſh'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of ſin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke
Our worthleſs hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thouſand ſins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when firſt the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort thro' all this vale of tears
In rich profuſion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity beſtows.

5 Drawn by ſuch cords we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqu'ror's feet.

CLIII. *The relentings of God's heart over his backſliding people.* Hoſea xi. 7, 8, 9.

1 YE ſinners on backſliding bent,
God's gracious call attend;
Shall not compaſſion ſo divine
Each ſtubborn ſpirit bend?

2 "How ſhall I give mine Iſrael up
"To ruin and deſpair?
"How pour down ſhow'rs of flaming wrath,
"And make a Sodom there?

3 "My bowels ſtrong relentings feel;
"My heart is pain'd within:
"I will not all my wrath exert,
"Nor viſit all their ſin.

4 "The mercy of a God reſtrains
"The thunders of his hand:
"Come, ſeek protection from that pow'r,
"Which you can ne'er withſtand."

5 With trembling haſte, O God, to thee
Let ſinners wing their flight;
As doves, when birds of prey purſue,
Down on their windows light.

6 Father, we ſeek thy gracious arm,
All melted at thy voice:

O may

O may thy heart, that feels our woes,
In our return rejoice.

CLIV. *God's controversy by fire.* Amos iv. 11.

On occasion of a dreadful fire.

1 ETERNAL God, our humbled souls
Before thy presence bow;
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou!

2 Fann'd by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
Do like a deluge pour;
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies moulder'd in an hour.

3 Led on by thee in horrid pomp,
Destruction rears its head;
And blacken'd walls, and smoaking heaps,
Thro' all the street are spread.

4 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous Ire *;
Yet bless the hand of guardian love,
That snatch'd us from the fire.

5 O that the hateful dregs of sin
Like dross had perish'd there,
That in fair Lines our purged souls
Might thy bright image bear.

6 So shall we view with dauntless eyes
The last tremendous day,
When earth and seas, and stars and skies,
In flames shall melt away.

* Anger.

CLV. Britain *unreformed by remarkable deliverances.* Amos iv. 11.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 YES Britain ſeem'd to ruin doom'd,
Juſt like a burning brand;
Till ſnatch'd from fierce ſurrounding flames
By God's indulgent hand.

2 "Once more (he ſays) I will ſuppreſs
"The wrath, that ſin would wake;
"Once more my patience ſhall attend,
"And call my Britain back."

3 But who this clemency reveres?
Or feels this melting grace?
Who ſtirs his languid ſpirit up
To ſeek thine awful face?

4 On days like theſe we pour our cries,
And at thy feet we mourn;
Then riſe to tempt thy wrath again,
And to our ſins return.

5 Our nation far from God remains,
Far, as in diſtant years;
And the ſmall remnant that is found,
A dying aſpect wears.

6 Chaſten'd and refcu'd thus in vain,
Thy righteous hand ſevere
Into the flames might hurl us back,
And quite conſume us there.

7 So,

7 So, by the light our burning gives,
Might neighb'ring nations read,
How terrible thy judgments are,
And learn our guilt to dread.

8 Yet 'midſt the cry of ſins like ours,
Incline thy gracious ear;
And thy own children's feeble cry
With ſoft compaſſion hear.

9 O by the ſacred ſpirit's breath
Kindle a holy flame;
Refine the land thou might'ſt deſtroy,
And magnify thy name.

CLVI. *Preparing to meet God.* Amos iv. 12, 13.

1 HE comes, thy God, O Iſrael, comes;
Prepare thy God to meet:
Meet him in battle's force array'd,
Or humbled at his feet.

2 He form'd the mountains by his ſtrength;
He makes the winds to blow;
And all the ſecret thoughts of man
Muſt his Creator know.

3 He ſhades the morning's op'ning rays;
He ſhakes the ſolid world;
And ſtars and angels from their ſeats
Are by his thunder hurl'd.

4 Eternal ſov'reign of the ſkies,
And ſhall thine Iſrael dare
In mad rebellion to ariſe,
And tempt th' unequal war?

5 Lo,

5 Lo, nations tremble at thy frown,
And faint beneath thy rod;
Cruſh'd by its gentle movement down,
They fall, tremendous God.

6 Avert the terrors of thy wrath,
And let thy mercy ſhine;
While humble penitence and pray'r
Approve us truly thine.

CLVII. Jonah's *faith recommended.* Jonah ii. 4.

1 LORD, we have broke thy holy laws,
And ſlighted all thy grace;
And juſtly thy vindictive * wrath
Might caſt us from thy face.

2 Yet while ſuch precedents appear
Mark'd in thy ſacred book,
We from theſe depths of guilt and fear
Will to thy temple look.

3 To thee, in our redeemer's name,
We raiſe our humble cries;
May theſe our pray'rs, perfum'd by him,
Like grateful incenſe riſe.

4 O never may our hopeleſs eyes
An abſent God deplore,
Where the dear temples of thy love
Shall ſtand reveal'd no more.

5 Far from thoſe regions of deſpair
Appoint our ſouls a place,
Where not a frown thro' endleſs years
Shall veil thy lovely face.

* Avenging.

CLVIII. *God's controversy with* Britain *stated and pleaded.* Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.

For a Fast-Day.

1 LISTEN, ye hills; ye mountains, hear;
Jehovah vindicates his laws;
Trembling in silence at his bar,
Thou earth, attend thy maker's cause.

2 Israel appear; present thy plea;
And charge th' Almighty to his face;
Say, if his rules oppressive be;
Say, if defective be his grace.

3 Eternal judge, the action cease;
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame;
'Tis ours, in sackloth to confess,
And thine, the sentence to proclaim.

4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
Thy mercies, and our crimes appear,
More than the stars that deck the skies,
And all our dreadful guilt declare.

5 How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow?
What offers can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terrors of thy brow?

6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed;
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain!
Or the first-born's devoted head
With horrid gore thine altar stain.

7 But thy own lamb, all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dar'd to slay,

Hath

Hath sov'reign virtue in his blood
To purge the nation's guilt away.

8 With humble faith to that we fly;
With that be Britain sprinkled o'er;
Trembling no more in dust we lie,
And dread thy hand and bar no more.

CLIX. *Hearing the voice of God's rod.* Micah vi. 9.

1 ATTEND, my soul, with rev'rend awe,
The dictates of thy God;
Silent and trembling hear the voice
Of his appointed rod.

2 Now let me search and try my ways,
And prostrate seek his face,
Conscious of guilt before his throne
In dust my soul abase.

3 Teach me, my God, what's yet unknown
And all my crimes forgive;
Those crimes would I no more repeat
But to thy honour live.

4 My wither'd joys too plainly shew,
That all on earth is vain;
In God my wounded heart confides
True rest and bless to gain.

5 Father, I wait thy gracious call,
To leave this mournful land,
And bathe in rivers of delight,
That flow at thy right hand.

CLX. *God's incomparable mercy admired*
Micah vii. 18, 19, 20.

1 SUPREME in mercy, who shall dare
With thy compassion to compare?
For thy own sake wilt thou forgive,
And bid the trembling sinner live.

2 Millions of our transgressions past,
Cancell'd behind thy back are cast;
Thy grace, a sea without a shore,
O'erflows them, and they rise no more.

3 And left new legions should invade,
And make the pardon'd souls afraid,
Our inbred lusts thou wilt subdue,
And from degen'rate hearts anew.

4 Our leader-God, our songs proclaim;
We lift our banners in his name;
With songs of triumph forth we go,
And level the gigantic foe.

5 His truth to Jacob shall prevail;
His oath to Abram cannot fail:
The hope of saints in ancient days,
Which ages yet unborn shall praise.

CLXI. *The impoverished saint rejoicing in God.*
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 SO firm the saint's foundations stand,
Nor can his hopes remove;
Sustain'd by God's almighty hand,
And shelter'd in his love.

2 Fig-

2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny,
Famine thro' all his fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die.

3 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy;
Which no affliction can controul,
Nor death itself destroy.

4 Lord, may we feel thy charming beams,
And taste thy saints repose,
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,
While such a fountain flows

CLXII. *God's afflicted poor trusting in his name.* Zephaniah iii. 12.

1 PRAISE to the sov'reign of the sky,
Who from his lofty throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such souls his own.

2 The haughty sinner he disdains,
Tho' gems his temples crown;
And from the seat of pomp and pride
His vengeance hurls him down.

3 On his afflicted pious poor
He makes his face to shine;
He fills their cottages of clay
With lustre all divine.

4 Among the meanest of thy flock
There let my dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded roofs,
If absent, Lord, from thee.

5 Poor

5 Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
In thy ſtrong name we truſt;
And bleſs the hand of ſov'reign love,
Which lifts us from the duſt.

CLXIII. *God comforting and rejoicing over* Zion. Zeph. iii. 16, 17.

1 YES, 'tis the voice of love divine!
And O! how ſweet the accents ſound!
Afflicted Zion, riſe and ſhine,
Fair mourner, proſtrate on the ground.

2 The mighty God, thy glorious king,
Tender to pity, ſtrong to ſave,
Hath ſworn he will ſalvation bring,
Tho' ſorrow preſs me to the grave.

3 He all a father's pleaſure knows
To fold thee in his dear embrace;
His heart with ſecret joy o'erflows,
And chearful ſmiles adorn his face.

4 At length the inward ecſtaſy,
In heav'nly muſic breaks its way *;
Jehovah leads the harmony,
And angels teach their harps the lay †.

5 Fain would my lips the chorus ‡ join,
And tell the liſt'ning world my joys,
But condeſcenſion ſo divine
In ſilence ſwallows up my voice.

* See the marginal reading.
† Song.
‡ Company of ſingers.

CLXIV. *Practical reflections on the state of our fathers.* Zech. i. 5.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.

3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge *,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

CLXV.

* Edge or border.

CLXV. Joſhua *the high-prieſt's change of raiment, applied to chriſtian privileges.* Zech. iii. 4.

1 ETERNAL King, thy robes are white,
In ſpotleſs rays of heav'nly light;
Adoring angels round are ſeen,
Yet in thy preſence are not clean.

2 What then are we, the ſons of earth,
That draw pollution from our birth?
Our fleſhly garments, Lord, how mean!
O'erſpread with hateful ſpots of ſin.

3 Hail to that condeſcending grace,
Which ſhews a Saviour's righteouſneſs!
Eternal honours to that name,
Which covers all our guilt and ſhame!

4 His blood, an overflowing ſea,
Shall purge our deepeſt ſtains away:
Our ſouls, renew'd by grace divine,
Shall in their Lord's reſemblance ſhine.

5 Yet, while theſe rags of fleſh we wear,
Pollution will again appear:
Come, death, and eaſe me of the load;
Come, death, and bear my ſoul to God.

6 The King of heav'n will there beſtow
A richer robe than monarchs know;
Dreſs all his ſaints in glitt'ring white;
Not Joſhua's mitre ſhone ſo bright.

7 The grave its trophies ſhall reſign,
Chriſt will the mould'ring duſt refine;

And death, the laſt of foes, ſhall be
Swallowed and loſt in victory.

8 My faith, on tow'ring pinions borne,
Anticipates that glorious morn;
And, with celeſtial raptures ſtrong,
Gives mortal lips, th' immortal ſong.

CLXVI. Joſhua *the high-prieſt's zeal and fidelity rewarded with a ſtation among the angels.* Zech. iii. 6, 7.

For the ordination of a miniſter.

1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace, that builds thy courts below;
And thro' ten thouſand ſons of light;
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

2 Amidſt the waſtes of time and death
Succeſſive paſtors thou doſt raiſe
Thy charge to keep, thy houſe to guide,
And form a people for thy praiſe.

3 The heav'nly natives with delight
Hover around the ſacred place;
Nor ſcorn to learn from mortal tongues
The wonders of redeeming grace.

4 At length, diſmiſs'd from feeble clay,
Thy ſervants join th' angelic band;
With them thro' diſtant worlds they fly,
With them before thy preſence ſtand.

5 O glorious hope! O bleſt employ!
Sweet lenitive * of grief and care!

* What eaſeth or aſſuageth.

When

When ſhall we reach thoſe radiant courts,
And all their joy and honour ſhare?

6 Yet while theſe labours we purſue,
Thus diſtant from thy heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n ſhall here be known.

CLXVII. *The compleating of the ſpiritual temple.* Zech. iv. 7.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raiſe
A temple to his love,
A monument of praiſe,
Ye ſaints around,
Thro' all its frame,
The builder's name
Harmonious ſound.

2 He form'd the glorious plan,
And its foundation laid,
That God might dwell with man,
And mercy be diſplay'd;
His ſon he ſent,
Who, great and good,
Made his own blood
The ſweet cement.

3 Beneath his eye and care
The edifice ſhall riſe
Majeſtic ſtrong and fair,
And ſhine above the ſkies.

There ſhall He place
The poliſh'd ſtone,
Ordain'd to crown
This work of grace.

CLXVIII *The error of deſpiſing the day of ſmall things.* Zech. iv. 10.

1 "WHAT haughty ſcorner," ſaith the Lord
"Shall humble things deſpiſe,
"When He beholds them with delight,
"Who reigns beyond the ſkies?

2 "I from a chaos dark and wild *
"Made heav'n's bright hoſt appear:
"I from the ſmall unnotic'd ſeeds
"The loftieſt cedars rear.

3 "From Eden's duſt I Adam form'd,
"The nobleſt human frame;
"And in his humble ſons diſplay
"The honours of my name.

4 "From fiſhermen, in number few,
"In human hearts untaught,
"All the wide realms my church can boaſt,
"My potent hand hath brought.

5 "The pious poor, by men deſpis'd,
"In deareſt bonds are mine;
"Once hardly dreſt in humble weeds ‡,
"They now like angels ſhine."

6 Lord, if ſuch trophies rais'd from duſt
Thy ſov'reign glory be,

* *Geneſis* i. 1, 3. ‡ Garments.

Here

Here in my heart thy pow'r may find
Materials fit for thee.

CLXIX. *Prisoners delivered from the pit by the blood of the covenant.* Zech. ix. 11.

1 YE pris'ners, who in bondage lie,
In darkness and the pit,
Behold the grace that sets us free,
And to thy grace submit.

2 The tidings of deliv'rance hear,
Confess the cov'nant good,
And bless the ransom God hath found
In our Emanuel's blood.

3 Justice no more asserts its claim
Your forfeit lives to take;
But smiling mercy quick descends
Your heavy chains to break.

4 We walk at large, and sing the hand,
To which we freedom owe;
And drink those rivers with delight,
Which thro' this desart flow.

5 He, that hath liberty bestow'd,
Will give a kingdom too;
He, that hath loos'd the bonds of death,
The path of life will show.

CLXX. *The fountain of life.* Zech. xiii. 1.

1 HAIL, everlasting spring!
Celestial fountain, hail!

Thy

Thy ſtreams ſalvation bring,
The waters never fail:
Still they endure,
And ſtill they flow,
For all our woe
A ſov'reign cure.

2 Bleſt be his wounded ſide,
And bleſt his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguiſh died
Such favours to impart.
His ſacred blood
Shall make us clean
From ev'ry ſin,
And fit for God.

3 To that dear ſource of love
Our ſouls this day would come:
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek
With rapt'rous ſongs
On all their tongues
Thy praiſe may ſpeak.

CLXXI. *God's name profaned when his table is treated with contempt.* Mal. i. 12.

Applied to the Lord's-ſupper.

1 MY God, and is thy table ſpread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its ſweetneſs know.

2 Hail

2 Hail ſacred feaſt, which Jeſus makes!
Rich banquet of his fleſh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That ſacred ſtream, that heav'nly food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts diſplay'd?
Was not for you the victim ſlain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furniſh'd well with joyful gueſts;
And may each ſoul ſalvation ſee,
That here its ſacred pledges taſte.

5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our father's board,
The pleaſure, or the profit end.

6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

CLXXII. *God's gracious regard to active attempts to revive religion.* Mal. iii. 16, 17.

THE Lord on mortal worms looks down,
From his celeſtial throne;
And, when the wicked ſwarm around,
He well diſcerns his own.

2 He ſees the tender hearts, that mourn,
The ſcandals of the times;

And

And join their efforts to oppoſe
The wide prevailing crimes.

3 Low to the ſocial band he bows
His ſtill attentive ear;
And, while his angels ſing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of heav'n ſhall keep
Their words in tranſcript fair;
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

5 "Yes (ſaith the Lord) the world ſhall know
"Theſe humble ſouls are mine:
"Theſe, when my jewels I produce,
"Shall in full luſtre ſhine.

6 "When deluges of fiery wrath
"My foes away ſhall bear,
"That hand, which ſtrikes the wicked thro',
"Shall all my children ſpare."

CLXXIII. *Chriſt, the Sun of righteouſneſs.* Mal. iv. 2.

1 TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and ſpeaks thy name.

2 In louder ſtrains we ſing that grace,
Which gives the ſun of righteouſneſs;
Whoſe noble light ſalvation brings,
And ſcatters healing from his wings.

3 Still

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine;
With beams of light and love divine;
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,
And chear'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confess'd
From north to south, from east to west:
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints thro' endless day?

HYMNS

HYMNS

FOUNDED ON

VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

HYMN CLXXIV.

The ax laid to the root of unfruitful trees.
Matt. iii. 13.

1 THE Lord into his vineyard comes
Our various fruit to see;
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines ev'ry tree.

2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly-wounding ax,
Which arms his awful hand.

3 Close to the root behold it laid,
To make destruction sure:
Who can resist the mighty stroke?
Or who the fire endure?

4 Lord,

4 Lord, we adore thy ſparing love,
Thy long-expecting grace:
Elſe had we low in ruin fall'n,
And known no more our place.

5 Succeeding years thy patience waits;
Nor let it wait in vain;
But form in us abundant fruit,
And ſtill this fruit maintain.

CLXXV. *The light of good examples, the moſt effectual way to glorify God.* Matt. v. 16.

1 GREAT teacher of thy church, we own
Thy precepts all divinely wiſe:
O may thy mighty pow'r be ſhown
To fix them ſtill before our eyes.

2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
And fill our breaſts with heav'nly zeal,
That, while we truſt thy pow'r to ſave,
We may that ſacred law fulfil.

3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heav'nly grace,
May our examples brightly ſhine,
And the ſweet luſtre of thy face
Reflected beam from each of thine.

4 Theſe lineaments *, divinely fair,
Our heav'nly father ſhall proclaim;
And men, that view his image there,
Shall join to glorify his name.

* Features.

CLXXVI. *Providential bounties surveyed and improved.* Matt. v. 45.

1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day *;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy pow'r and love display.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial ‡ rain;
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But, what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

6 Jesus, our brighter sun, arise;
In plenteous show'rs thy spirit send;
Earth then shall grow a paradise,
And in the heav'nly Eden end.

* The sun. ‡ Making fruitful.

CLXXVII. *Secret prayer.* Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots thro' the darkeſt night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-diſcerning ſight.

2 There ſhall that piercing eye ſurvey
My duteous homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's ſhade.

3 O may thy own celeſtial fire
The incenſe ſtill inflame:
While my warm vows to thee aſpire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So ſhall the viſits of thy love
My ſoul in ſecret bleſs;
So ſhalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy ſuppliant to confeſs.

CLXXVIII. *Seeking firſt the kingdom of God;* &c. Matt. vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true ambition riſe,
And ardour fire our breaſt,
To reign in worlds above the ſkies,
In heav'nly glories dreſt.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown diſplay,
Whoſe gems with vivid luſtre ſhine,
While ſtars and ſuns decay.

3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a chriſtian's thought;
I ſpring to ſeize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize purſue;
Nor ſhall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view.

CLXXIX. *Pardon ſpoken by Chriſt.* Matt. ix. 2.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice,
Pronounce theſe words of peace;
And all my warmeſt pow'rs ſhall join
To celebrate the grace.

2 With gentle ſmiles call me thy child,
And ſpeak my ſins forgiv'n;
The accents mild ſhall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heav'n.

3 Chearful, where'er thy hand ſhall lead,
The darkeſt path I'll tread;
Chearful I'll quit theſe mortal ſhores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, that ſcatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life beſtow.

CLXXX.

CLXXX. *The relapsing demoniac.* Matt xii. 43—45.

1 SOv'reign of heav'n, thine empire spreads
O'er all the worlds on high:
And at thy frowns th' infernal pow'rs
In wild confusion fly.

2 Like lightning from his glitt'ring throne
The great arch-traitor fell,
Driv'n with enormous ruin down
To infamy and hell.

3 Permitted now to range at large,
And traverse * earth and air,
O'er captive human souls he reigns,
And boasts his kingdom there.

4 Yet thence thy grace can drive him out
With one almighty word;
O send thy potent sceptre forth,
And reign victorious, Lord.

5 Let wretched pris'ners be releas'd
The smiling light to view;
Nor let the vanquish'd foe return
Their bondage to renew.

6 May grace complete that wond'rous work,
Which thy own pow'r begun,
And fill, from Satan's gloomy realms,
The kingdom of thy son.

* Wander thro'.

CLXXXI. *The faith of the* Syrophœnician *woman recommended.* Matt. xv. 26, 27.

1 ALL-conqu'ring faith, how high it roſe,
When heav'n itſelf might ſeem t' oppoſe!
All-gracious Lord, who didſt appear
Moſt merciful, when moſt ſevere!

2 Thus at thy feet our ſouls would fall,
And loudly thus for mercy call;
"Thou ſon of David, pity ſhew,
"And ſave us from th' infernal foe."

3 Tho' viler than the brutes we be,
Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
Who doſt to dogs this grace afford,
To taſte thy crumbs beneath thy board.

4 But thou the humble ſoul wilt raiſe,
And all its ſorrows turn to praiſe,
Each ſelf-abaſing broken heart,
Shall with thy children ſhare a part.

CLXXXII. *The church built on a rock, and ſecured againſt the gates of hell.* Matt. xvi. 18.

1 NOW let the gates of Zion ſing,
And challenge all her ſpiteful foes:
She triumphs in her Saviour-king,
In him, who from the dead aroſe.

2 He is the rock, on whom we reſt,
And firm on that foundation ſtand;

Divine

Divine compaſſion fills his breaſt,
His word is ſure, and ſtrong his hand.

3 Hell and its hoſt may rage in vain;
Vain are their counſels and their pow'r;
Grim death may marſhal all his train,
And boaſt the conqueſt of an hour.

4 Breathleſs and pale his ſervants lie,
And know their former place no more;
Their children raiſe his praiſes high,
And o'er their father's duſt adore.

5 Their father's duſt the Lord ſhall raiſe,
And burſt the barriers of the grave;
Parents and children join his praiſe,
Who thro' eternity can ſave.

CLXXXIII. *Chriſt's transfiguration.* Matt. xvii. 4.

1 WHEN at this diſtance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What tranſport pours o'er all our breaſt,
And charms our cares and woes to reſt!

2 With thee in the obſcureſt cell
On ſome bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And ſhare their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ!
I ſee the king of glory ſhine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On

4 On Tabor * thus his ſervants view'd
His luſtre, when transform'd he ſtood;
And, bidding earthly ſcenes farewel,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleaſant here to dwell."

5 Yet ſtill our elevated eyes
To nobler viſions long to riſe;
That grand aſſembly would we join,
Where all thy ſaints around thee ſhine.

6 That mount how bright! thoſe forms how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there:
Come, death, dear envoy ‡ of my God,
And bear me to that bleſt abode.

* The mountain on which Chriſt was transfigured.
‡ Meſſenger or ambaſſador.

CLXXXIV. *The grace of Chriſt in miniſtring to men, and dying for them.* Matt. xx. 28.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How ſweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
The word of ſuch a king;

3 For us mean wretched ſinful men
Thou laid'ſt that glory by,
Firſt in our mortal fleſh to ſerve,
Then in that fleſh to die.

4 Bough

4 Bought with thy ſervice and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death reſign.

5 Bleſt man, who in thy cauſe conſumes
His vig'rous days with zeal!
Then with the laſt flow ebb of blood
Is call'd thy truth to ſeal!

CLXXXV. *Chriſt's compaſſionate readineſs to gather ſouls.* Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.

1 SEE how the Lord of mercy ſpreads
His gentle hands abroad;
And warns us of the circling foes,
That thirſt to drink our blood!

2 "Fly to the ſhelter of mine arms,
"And dwell ſecure from fear;
"Nor earth nor hell ſhall pluck you thence,
"Or reach, and wound you there."

3 With anxious heart the parent-bird
Thus calls her offſpring round,
When horrid vultures beat the air,
And ſlaughter ſtains the ground.

4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,
Fly to the known retreat,
Beneath her downy wings are ſafe,
And find the ſhelter ſweet.

5 But men, alas! more thoughtleſs men,
Refuſe to lend an ear;

Their

Their only refuge madly fly,
And rather die, than hear.

6 They ſpurn the Saviour's offer'd grace,
Till they his wrath inflame;
Then deſolation lays them low
In agony and ſhame.

CLXXXVI. *The abounding of iniquity, and coldneſs of chriſtian love.* Matt. xxiv. 12.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 ALAS for Britain, and her ſons!
What hath ſhe not to fear?
The ſins, that ruin'd Sodom once,
O how triumphant here!

2 Alas the ſtrong o'erflowing tide!
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding ſymptom joins
In terrible preſage.

3 Yet who hath eyes that can diſcern?
Or who an ear to hear?
Whoſe heart is trembling for the ark?
Or for his country dear?

4 Cold is the love of chriſtian breaſts,
If chriſtian breaſts remain;
And dying the laſt ſparks of zeal,
Or its laſt efforts vain.

5 Of Britain, oft chaſtis'd and ſav'd,
What ſhall the end be found?

Shall

Shall not the ſword, that waves ſo long
Inflict the deeper wound?

6 O ſtay thine arm, all-gracious God;
Thy ſpirit largely pour;
He can the ſtreams of guilt reſtrain,
And dying love reſtore.

CLXXXVII. *The final ſentence, and happineſs of the righteous.* Matt. xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND mine ear; my heart rejoice;
While Jeſus from his throne,
Begirt with all th' angelic hoſts,
Makes his laſt ſentence known.

2 When ſinners, curſed from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n,
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his ſaints to heav'n.

3 "Bleſt of my father, all draw near,
"Receive the large reward;
"And riſe with raptures to poſſeſs
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere earth's foundations firſt were laid,
"This ſov'reign purpoſe wrought,
"And rear'd thoſe palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There ſhall you reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my pow'r,
"While ſin and hell, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your ſouls no more."

6 Come,

6 Come, dear majeſtic Saviour, come,
This Jubilee proclaim,
And teach us accents fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a name.

CLXXXVIII. *Relieving Chriſt in his poor ſaints.* Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs ſum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Doſt thou exalted ſhine;
What can my poverty beſtow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou haſt brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confeſs their humble names
Before thy father's face.

4 In them thou may'ſt be cloath'd, and fed,
And viſited and chear'd,
And in their accents of diſtreſs
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love
I in thy poor would ſee;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

CLXXXIX

CLXXXIX. *The final sentence and misery of the wicked.* Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall such a sentence sound?
And thro' the millions of the damn'd
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,

nd the laſt awful day ſhall pour
His bleſſings on your head.

CXC. *Chriſt's ſubmiſſion to his father's will.* Matt. xxvi. 42.

1 "FATHER divine," (the Saviour cried,
While horrors preſs'd on ev'ry ſide,
And proſtrate on the ground he lay)
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if theſe pangs muſt ſtill be borne,
"Or helpleſs man be left forlorn,
"I bow my ſoul before thy throne,
"And ſay, Thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our ſubmiſſive ſouls would bow,
And, taught by Jeſus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would ſay, Thy will, not ours, be done.

4 Then, tho' like him in duſt we lie,
We'll view the bliſsful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

CXCI. *Reflections on the Diſciples forſaking Chriſt when he was betrayed.* Matt. xxvi. 56.

1 BEHOLD the ſon of God's delight;
His ſmiles how ſweet! His rays how bright!
A friend of tenderneſs unknown:
To the laſt breath he lov'd his own.

2 But

2 But lo, his friends, his brethren dear
Fled, when they saw his danger near;
And not one gen'rous heart remains
To shield his life, or share his pains.

3 So frail is man; so frail are we,
When unsupported, Lord, by thee;
Thus shrinks our faith; thus droops our love;
And thus our vows abortive prove.

4 Blest Jesus, thy own pow'r impart,
And bind in cords of love my heart:
The fugitive no more shall flee,
But keep thro' death its hold on thee.

CXCII. Christ's *complaint of his Father's forsaking him on the cross.* Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 WHAT doleful accents do I hear?
What piercing cry invades mine ear?
Loaded with shame, and bath'd in blood,
Who calls to a forsaking God?

2 Amazing and heart-rending sight!
'Tis his own darling and delight,
Who once in his embraces lay,
Dearer than all the sons of day!

3 Yet when this Jesus died for me,
Distended on the cursed tree,
God stood afar, nor would afford
One pitying look, one chearing word.

4 What then, my soul, must thou have felt,
If press'd with all thy load of guilt,

Beneath whose weight the Saviour cries,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies!

5 But in that dark tremendous hour
Unconquer'd faith exerts its pow'r;
My God, my Father, cried aloud,
And heav'n th' endearing name avow'd.

6 From death, from earth, he rais'd his son,
And gave him for his cross a throne;
Triumphant there the suff'rer reigns,
And reaps the harvest of his pains.

7 Eternal raptures there are known;
Nor flows the joy on him alone,
But for his sake the Lord hath swore,
To leave the meanest saint no more.

CXCIII. *The same.* Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 MY Saviour, didst thou die for me;
For me send forth that bitter cry?
With bleeding heart thy wounds I see,
Prepar'd at thy command to die.

2 By all thine anguish on the cross,
When God thy father stood afar,
Rich in thy temporary loss,
Thy church is brought for ever near.

3 From far the beamings of thy throne
Reviv'd my sympathizing heart;
Thy love made sinners griefs thy own,
Mine in thy joys must take its part.

4 Midst all the splendours of thy reign,
Think on the sorrows thou hast felt;

Nor

Nor let a mourner weep in vain,
For whom thy precious blood was ſpilt.

5 While thro' earth's darkeſt gloom I tread,
Dart to my ſoul a chearing ray;
And on the confines of the dead,
Thy pow'r, as Lord of life, diſplay.

CXCIV. *The angel's reply to the women, that ſought Chriſt.* Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

1 YE humble ſouls, that ſeek the Lord,
Chaſe all your fears away:
And bow with pleaſure down to ſee
The place where Jeſus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that boſom lay,
Which throbb'd, and bled for you.

3 A moment give a looſe to grief;
Let grateful ſorrows riſe,
And waſh the bloody ſtains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then raiſe your eyes, and tune your ſongs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqu'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once diſhonour'd head;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his ſhall ev'ry ſaint
His empty tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe with his aſcending Lord
Thro' all his ſhining way.

CXCV. *Chriſt ever preſent with his miniſter. and churches.* Matt. xxviii. 20.

1 WIDE o'er all worlds the Saviour reigns;
Unmov'd his pow'r and love remains;
And on his arm his church ſhall reſt.
Fair Zion, joyful in her king,
Thro' ev'ry changing age ſhall ſing,
With his perpetual preſence bleſt.

2 Tyrannic death, in vain thy rage,
Thy triumphs new in ev'ry age,
O'er the firſt heroes of his hoſt;
Conſcious of more than mortal aid,
Our bleeding hearts are not diſmay'd,
But an immortal leader boaſt.

3 Tho' buried deep in duſt they lie,
Whoſe tuneful voices rais'd on high
Led the ſweet anthems to his name;
The children learn the father's ſong,
And unform'd tongues ſhall ſtill prolong
The ever-preſent Saviour's fame.

4 The preſent Saviour, he ſhall give
Millions of future ſaints to live,
And crowd the temples of his grace:
The

The preſent Saviour, lo, he comes
To call whole legions from their tombs,
And teach their duſt ſublimer praiſe.

CXCVI. *Departed ſaints aſleep.* Mark v. 39.

1 "WHY flow theſe torrents of diſtreſs?"
(The gentle Saviour cries)
"Why are my ſleeping ſaints ſurvey'd
"With unbelieving eyes?

2 "Death's feeble arm ſhall never boaſt,
"A friend of Chriſt is ſlain;
"Nor o'er their meaner part in duſt
"A laſting pow'r retain.

3 "I come, on wings of love I come,
"The ſlumb'rers to awake;
"My voice ſhall reach the deepeſt tomb,
"And all its bonds ſhall break.

4 "Touch'd by my hand in ſmiles they riſe,
"They riſe to ſleep no more;
"But rob'd with light, and crown'd with joy,
"To endleſs day they ſoar,"

5 Jeſus, our faith receives thy word;
And, tho' fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their ſleep.

6 Our willing ſouls thy ſummons wait
With them to reſt and praiſe;
So let thy much lov'd preſence chear
Theſe ſeparating days.

CXCVII. *The ſtruggle between faith and unbelief.* Mark ix. 24.

1 JESUS, our ſouls delightful choice,
In thee believing we rejoice;
Yet ſtill our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promiſes our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and ſorrows riſe,
And hide the promiſe from our eyes.

3 O let not ſin and Satan boaſt,
While ſaints lie mourning in the duſt;
Nor ſee that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrough

4 Do thou the dying ſpark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As ſhades diſpers'd by op'ning light.

CXCVIII. *Chriſt's condeſcending regard t little children.* Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Iſrael's gentle ſhepherd ſtand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries)
"Nor ſcorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bleſs ſuch ſouls as theſe,
"The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian-care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

XCIX. *Christian watchfulness.* Mark xiii. 37.

AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threat'ning scene:
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treach'ry lurks within.

'Tis not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail;
All thine eternal hopes are lost
If their attempts prevail.

Now to the work of God awake;
Behold thy master near;
The various arduous task pursue
With vigour and with fear.

The awful register goes on,
Th' account will surely come,
And op'ning day, or closing night
May bear me to my doom.

5 Ter-

5 Tremendous thought! how deep it ſtrikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the ſlumbers chaſe
From theſe deluded eyes.

CC. *The nativity of Chriſt.* Luke ii. 10 12

1 HAIL, progeny * divine!
Hail, virgin's wond'rous ſon!
Who, for that humble ſhrine,
Didſt quit th' Almighty's throne:
The infant-Lord
Our voices ſing,
And be the king
Of grace ador'd.

2 Ye princes, diſappear,
And boaſt your crowns no more;
Lay down your ſcepters here,
And in the duſt adore:
Where Jeſus dwells,
The manger bare
In luſtre far
Your pomp excels.

3 With Bethlem's ſhepherds mild
The angels bow their head;
And round the ſacred child
Their guardian wings they ſpread;
They knew, that where
Their ſov'reign lies,
In low diſguiſe,
Heav'n's court is there.

* Offspring.

4 Thither

Thither, my ſoul, repair,
And earthly homage pay
To thy redeemer fair,
As on his natal * day:
I kiſs thy feet;
And, Lord, would be
A child like thee,
Whom thus I greet.

* Birth-day.

XI. *The angels ſong at Chriſt's birth.* Luke ii. 13, 14.

HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no ſuch love have known
T' awake a chearful ſong.

Good-will to ſinful men is ſhewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With meſſages from heav'n.

Juſtice and grace with ſweet accord
His riſing beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in conſort join,
Now ſuch a child is born.

Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains
In higheſt worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives diſplay'd.

When ſhall we reach thoſe bliſsful realms,
Where Chriſt exalted reigns,

And

And learn of the celeſtial choir
Their own immortal ſtrains?

CCII. Simeon's *ſong and declaration to the virgin* Mary. Luke ii. 30—35.

1 OUR eyes ſalvation ſee,
Prepar'd by grace divine:
How wide its ſplendours are diffus'd!
How bright its glories ſhine!

2 Thro' diſtant heathen lands
It darts a vivid * ray,
And to the realms, where Satan reign'd
Imparts celeſtial day.

3 The Iſrael of the Lord
In Chriſt their glory boaſt,
And on the honours of his name
Their whole ſalvation truſt.

4 By him ſhall millions riſe
To an immortal crown,
And millions, that his grace deſpiſe,
Shall ſink in ruin down.

5 Our reck'ning is begun,
And on th' account will go,
Till clos'd in everlaſting joy,
Or never-ending woe.

* Lively.

CCIII. *Chriſt's meſſage.* Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK the glad ſound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!

Let

Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

2 On him the ſpirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the priſ'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure,
And with the treaſures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 His ſilver trumpets publiſh loud
The Jub'lee of the Lord *;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage reſtor'd.

7 Our glad Hoſannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'ns eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

* The acceptable year of the Lord, *i. e.* the year of Jubilee, *Levit.* xxv.

CCIV. *The recovered* Dæmoniac, *an emblem of a converted sinner.* Luke viii. 35.

1 JESUS, we own thy saving pow'r,
And thy victorious hand;
Hell's legions tremble at thy feet,
And fly at thy command.

2 O'er souls, by passions uproar fill'd
With anarchy * unknown,
The nobler pow'rs restor'd by thee,
Ascend their peaceful throne.

3 No more they rend their cloathing off;
No more their wounds repeat;
But gentle and compos'd they wait
Attentive at thy feet.

4 O'er thousands more, where Satan rules,
May we such triumphs see;
And be their rescu'd souls and ours
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

* Confusion and disorder.

CCV. *The good* Samaritan. Luke x. 30—37.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,

Kindly

Kindly to ſhare in others joy,
And weep for others woe!

When the moſt helpleſs ſons of grief
In low diſtreſs are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And ſwift our hands to aid.

So Jeſus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the ſkies,
And 'midſt th' embraces of his God,
He felt compaſſion riſe.

On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raiſe us from the ground,
And made the richeſt of his blood
A balm for ev'ry wound.

CVI. *The care of the ſoul the one thing needful.* Luke x. 42.

WHY will ye laviſh out your years
Amidſt a thouſand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

Why will ye chaſe the fleeting wind,
And famiſh an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down
To ſee you ſpurn a heav'nly crown?

Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jeſus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conſcience gives you pain;
And ſhall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects, which you now pursue;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy pow'r impart
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

CCVII. Mary's *choice of the better part*. Luke x. 42.

1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Chearful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

CCVIII. *Christ's little flock comforted with the views of a kingdom.* Luke xii. 32.

1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence:
'Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
Which breaks this mortal frame.

CCIX. *Providing bags that wax not old,* &c. Luke xii. 33.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flow'r reclines its head,
The beauty of a day!

2 The bags are rent, the treasures lost
We fondly call'd our own:
Scarce could we the possession boast,
And strait we found it gone.

3 But there are joys that cannot die,
Which God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possess'd.

5 The seeds, which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

6 The mite my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And heav'n at large repay.

CCX. *The active christian.* Luke xii. 35—38.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch,

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we ſpeak, He's near:
Mark the firſt ſignal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy ſervant he
In ſuch a poſture found!
He ſhall his Lord with rapture ſee,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Chriſt ſhall the banquet ſpread
With his own royal hand,
And raiſe that fav'rite ſervant's head
Amidſt the angelic band.

CCXI. *Room at the goſpel-feaſt.* Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE king of heav'n his table ſpreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradiſe with all its joys
Could ſuch delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endleſs life are giv'n,
And the rich blood, that Jeſus ſhed
To raiſe the ſoul to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have ſtray'd
In ſin's dark mazes, come:
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace ſhall find you room.

4 Millions of ſouls in glory now
Were fed and feaſted here;
And millions more, ſtill on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet

5 Yet is his houſe and heart ſo large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide aſſembling world
O'er-fill the ſpacious room.

6 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuſes frame;
Crowd to your places at the feaſt,
And bleſs the founder's name.

CCXII. *The preſent and future ſtate of the ſaint and ſinner compared.* Luke xvi. 25.

1 IN what confuſion earth appears!
God's deareſt children bath'd in tears;
While they, who heav'n itſelf deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my ſoul attend,
And, ere I cenſure, view the end:
That end, how diff'rent, who can tell?
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell.

3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple ſhine!
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the ſcorching of his pain.

4 While round the ſaint, ſo poor below,
Full rivers of ſalvation flow;
On Abram's breaſt he leans his head,
And banquets on celeſtial bread.

5 Jeſus, my Saviour, let me ſhare
The meaneſt of thy ſervant's fare;

May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

CXIII. *Rebels against Christ executed.* Luke xix. 27.

1 HE comes; the royal conqu'ror comes;
His legions fill the sky;
Angelic trumpets rend the tombs,
And loud proclaim him nigh.

2 Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage
Against this sov'reign Lord?
What madness bears you on t' engage
The terrors of his sword?

3 "Bring forth (he cries) those sons of pride,
"That scorn'd my gentle sway,
"To prove the arm they once defy'd
"Omnipotent to slay."

4 Tremendous scene of wrath divine;
How wide the vengeance spreads!
His pointed darts of lightning shine
Round their defenceless heads.

5 Now let the rebels seek that face,
From which they cannot flee!
And thou, my soul, adore the grace,
That sweetly conquer'd thee.

CXIV. *The Redeemer's tears wept over lost souls.* Luke xix. 41, 42.

1 WHAT venerable sight appears?
The son of God dissolv'd in tears!

Trace

Trace, O my soul, with sad surprize,
The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.

2 From whom, blest Jesus, we would know,
Doth such a sacred torrent flow?
What brother, or what friend of thine,
Is grac'd and mourn'd with drops divine?

3 Nor brother there, nor friend I see,
But sons of pride and cruelty;
Who like rapacious tygers stood
Insatiate panting for thy blood.

4 Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying enemies?
And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet?

5 With deep remorse our bowels move,
That we have wrong'd such matchless love;
Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.

6 Give us to shine before thy face,
Eternal trophies of thy grace;
Where songs of praise thy saints employ,
And mingle with a Saviour's joy.

CCXV. *Departed saints living to God.* Luke xx. 38.

1 THrice happy state, where saints shall live
Around their father's throne,
In ev'ry joy, that heav'n can give,
And live to God alone!

2 Un-

Unnumber'd bands of kindred minds,
That dwelt in feeble clay,
Us and our woes have left behind
To reign in endleſs day.

Immortal vigour now they breathe,
And all the air is peace;
They chide our tears, that mourn the death,
Which brought their ſouls releaſe.

Thus ſhall the grace of Chriſt prevail,
Till all his choſen meet;
And not the meaneſt ſervant fail
His houſehold to complete.

To that bleſt goal * with ardent haſte
Our active ſouls would tend;
Nor feel their ſorrows, as they paſs'd
To ſuch a bliſsful end.

* The end of a race, where the prize was hung.

XXVI. *Chriſt's admonition to, and care of* Peter *under approaching trials.* Luke xxii. 31, 32.

HOW keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful, and how great!
Tho' not one grain ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Yet will he ſift the wheat.

But God can all his pow'r controul,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he ſeems to triumph moſt,
The captive ſoul regain.

3 There is a shepherd kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep;
Nor shall th' infernal lion rend,
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raise us, when we prostrate lie,
And comfort lost restore.

5 Thy secret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
But 'midst whole show'rs of fiery darts,
That temper'd shield prevail.

6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too:
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

CCXVII. *Christ's prayer for his enemi*
Luke xxiii. 34.

1 ALOUD I sing the wond'rous grace,
Christ to his murd'rers bare;
Which made the tott'ring cross its thron
And hung its trophies there.

2 Father, forgive, his mercy cried
With his expiring Breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those, who wrought his death.

3 Then may I hope for pardon too,
Tho' I have pierc'd the Lord;

Bleſt Jeſus, in my favour ſpeak
That all-prevailing word.

I knew not what my madneſs did,
While I remain'd thy foe:
Soon as I ſaw the wounds were thine,
My tears began to flow.

Melted by goodneſs ſo divine,
I would its footſteps trace;
And, while beneath thy croſs I ſtand,
My fierceſt foes embrace.

CXVIII. *The reſurrection of Chriſt.* Luke xxiv. 34.

YES, the Redeemer roſe,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our helliſh foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head;
In wild diſmay
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And ſunk away.

Lo, the angelic bands
In full aſſembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worſhip at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To ſuch a tomb.

Then back to heav'n they fly,
And the glad tiding bear;

Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What muſic fills the air!
Their anthems ſay,
" Jeſus who bled
" Hath left the dead;
" He roſe to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the ſound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And ſend the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Tranſported cry,
" Jeſus who bled
" Hath left the dead;
" No more to die."

5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,
Who ſav'ſt us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou riſing, reigning God!
With thee we riſe,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the ſkies.

CCXIX. *The goſpel firſt preached at* Jeruſalem. Luke xxiv. 47.

1 " GO (ſaith the Lord) proclaim my grace
" To all the ſons of Adam's race,
" Pardon for ev'ry crimſon ſin,
" And at Jeruſalem begin.

2 " There, where my blood, not fully dry,
" Stands warm upon mount calvary;

2 " Th

" That blood ſhall purge away their guilt,
" By whom ſo lately it was ſpilt.
" Now let the daring rebels turn,
" And o'er their bleeding ſov'reign mourn;
" Their bleeding ſov'reign ſhall forgive,
" And bid the rebels look and live."

Is this thy voice, all-gracious Lord?
And did the rebels hear thy word?
And did they fall beneath thy feet,
And on their knees forgiveneſs meet?

Then may I hope for mercy too;
Such love can my hard heart ſubdue,
And give this guilty ſoul a place,
Among theſe captives of thy grace.

Here be it daily mine employ
To bathe thy wounds with tears of joy
Till midſt the new Jeruſalem
In one full choir we ſing thy name.

CXX. *God's love to the world in ſending Chriſt for its redemption.* John iii. 16.

SING to the Lord a new melodious ſong:
Aſſiſt the choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
Wide as the world his ſov'reign mercy reigns;
Wide as the world reſound his rapt'rous ſtrains.
'e angels, join the joyful acclamation,
nd ſing the love that brings to men ſalvation.

His gracious eye beheld in full ſurvey
Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay:
No human aid the danger could avert:
No angel's hand could ſoothe the raging ſmart:

In his own breaſt divine compaſſion riſes,
And the grand ſcheme the court of heaven ſurpriſes.

3 God's only ſon with peerleſs * glories bright,
His father's faireſt image and delight,
Juſtice and grace the victim have decreed,
To wear our fleſh, and in that fleſh to bleed.
Proſtrate in duſt, ye ſinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wond'rous work is done; the cov'nant ſtood,
And Jeſus expiates human guilt with blood;
Nail'd to the tree he bows his ſacred head;
A mangled corpſe he ſojourns with the dead;
Riſing, the goſpel ſends thro' ev'ry nation;
Sinners believe, and gain complete ſalvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praiſe;
O let it run thro' everlaſting days! [God,
And thou, bleſt Saviour, ſpotleſs lamb of
Accept the ſouls dear-ranſom'd with thy blood;
And to thoſe ſongs, form all our feeble voices;
In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

* Unequalled.

CCXXI. *The ſpirit's influences compared to living water.* John iv. 10.

1 BLEST Jeſus, ſource of grace divine,
What ſoul-refreſhing ſtreams are thine!
O bring

O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

No traveller thro' desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And chear this thirsty land below.

May this blest torrent near my side
Thro' all the desert gently glide;
Then in Emanuel's land above
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

CCXXII. *The Christian's sacred feast.* John. iv. 32.

1 WE praise the Lord, for heav'nly bread,
With which immortal souls are fed:
We praise thee for that heav'nly feast,
Which Jesus with delight could taste.

2 He, while he sojourn'd here below,
Had meat, which strangers could not know:
That meat he to his people gives,
And he that tastes the banquet lives.

3 So let me live, sustain'd by grace,
Regal'd with fruits of righteousness:
Enter my heart, all-gracious Lord,
And sup with me, and deck thy board.

4 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,
And hope, that bears the soul above,
Be these my dainties, till I rise,
And taste the joys of paradise.

CCXXIII. *The paralytic at* Bethesda John v. 6.

1 BEHOLD the great physician stands,
Whose skill is ever sure;
And loud he calls to dying men,
And free he offers cure.

2 And will ye hear his gracious voice,
While sore-diseas'd ye lie?
Or will ye all his grace despise,
And trifle till ye die?

3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,
And inward vigour give;
Then, rais'd by energy divine,
Shall helpless mortals live.

4 With cheerful pace our trembling feet
In thy blest paths shall run,
Till Zion's healthful hill they gain,
Where no complaint is known.

CCXXIV. *God's purposes effectual, and Christ's invitation sincere.* John vi. 37.

1 IS there a sight in earth or heaven
Can such delight impart,
As Jesus' wide-extended arms
And softly-melting heart?

2 "All

" All that my heav'nly father gives
" Shall come (the Saviour cries)
" And ev'ry weakeſt ſoul, that comes,
" Find favour in mine eyes.

" I'll not reject him with diſdain,
" Nor hurl him down to hell;
" But, folded in my kind embrace,
" He ſafe and bleſt ſhall dwell."

Hearken, ye dying ſinners all;
All haſten, while ye hear;
For crouds of wretched ſouls at once
May find their refuge there,

I hear thy voice and I obey;
Low at thy feet I fall;
Nor ſhall the tempter's voice prevail
Againſt the Saviour's call.

CXXV. *Chriſt's invitation to thirſty ſouls.* John vii. 37.

THE Lord of life exalted ſtands,
Aloud he cries, and ſpreads his hands;
He calls ten thouſand ſinners round,
And ſends a voice from ev'ry wound.

" Attend, ye thirſty ſouls, draw near,
" And ſatiate all your wiſhes here:
" Behold the living fountain flows
" In ſtreams as various as your woes.

" An ample pardon here I give,
" And bid the ſentenc'd rebel live,

" Shew

" Shew him my father's ſmiling face,
" And lodge him in his dear embrace.

4 " I purge from ſin's deteſted ſtain,
" And make the crimſon white again,
" Lead to celeſtial joys refin'd,
" And laſting as the deathleſs mind.

5 " Muſt I anew my pity prove?
" Witneſs the words of melting love,
" The guſhing tear, the lab'ring breath,
" And all theſe ſcars of bleeding death."

6 Bleſt Saviour, I can doubt no more;
I hear, and wonder, and adore:
Panting I ſeek that fountain-head,
Whence waters ſo divine proceed.

7 Clear ſpring of life, flow on, and roll
With growing ſwell from pole to pole,
Till flowers and fruits of paradiſe
Round all the winding current riſe.

8 Still near thy ſtream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground;
Chear with thy wave death's gloomy ſhade
Then thro' the fields of Canaan ſpread.

CCXXVI. *True liberty given by Chriſt.* John viii. 36.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own ſon that call
To life and liberty;
Tranſported fall before his feet,
Who makes the pris'ners free.

2 Th

The curſed bonds of ſin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain:
Smiling he deals thoſe pardons round,
Which free from endleſs pain.

Into the captive heart he pours
His ſpirit from on high;
We loſe the terrors of the ſlave,
And abba, father, cry.

Shake off your Bonds, and ſing his grace;
The ſinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to ſeek
True freedom by his name.

Walk on at large, till you attain
Your father's houſe above!
There ſhall you wear immortal crowns,
And ſing redeeming love.

CCXXVII. *The ſame.* John viii. 36.

AND ſhall we ſtill be ſlaves,
And in our fetters lie,
When ſummon'd by a voice divine
T' aſſert our liberty.

Did the great Saviour bleed
Our freedom to obtain,
That we ſhould trample on his blood,
And glory in our chain?

Alas, the ſordid mind!
How all its pow'rs are broke!
Proud of a tyrant's haughty ſway,
And practis'd to the yoke!

4 Divine redeemer, hear,
Thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
And let thy gen'rous spirit wake
True ardour in our heart.

5 Then shall the sons of death,
That in the dungeon lie,
Spring to the throne of pard'ning grace,
And Abba, Father, cry,

CCXXVIII. *Christ the door.* John x. 9.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale *.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with chearful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'ling thro' one beauteous gate
To one eternal home.

* Hosea ii. 15.

CXXIX. *Abundant life by Christ our shepherd.* John x. 10.

PRAISE to our shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive

Hail, great Emanuel from above,
High seated on thy throne of love!
O pour the vital torrent down,
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.

Scarce half alive we sigh and cry;
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye!
Kind Saviour, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.

The shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
O may we all its influence feel;
Till inward deep experience shew,
Christ can begin a heav'n below.

CXXX. *Christ's sheep described.* John x. 27.

THY flock, with what a tender care,
Blest Jesus, dost thou keep?
Fain would my weak, my wand'ring soul
Be number'd with thy sheep.

Gentle and tractable and plain
My heart would ever be,
Averse to harm, propense to help,
And faithful still to thee.

3 The gentle accents of thy voice
My liſt'ning ſoul would hear;
And, by the ſignals of thy will,
I all my courſe would ſteer.

4 I follow where my ſhepherd leads,
And mark the path he drew;
My ſhepherd's feet mount Zion treads,
And I ſhall reach it too.

CCXXXI. *The happineſs and ſecurity of Chriſt's ſheep.* John xx. 28.

1 MY ſoul, with joy attend,
While Jeſus ſilence breaks;
No angel's harp ſuch muſic yields,
As what my ſhepherd ſpeaks,

2 "I know my ſheep (he cries)
"My ſoul approves them well:
"Vain is the treach'rous world's diſguiſe,
"And vain the rage of hell.

3 I freely feed them now
"With tokens of my love,
"But richer paſtures I prepare,
"And ſweeter ſtreams above.

4 Unnumber'd years of bliſs
"I to my ſheep will give;
"And, while my throne unſhaken ſtands,
"Shall all my choſen live.

5 "This tried almighty hand
"Is rais'd for their defence;

"When

"Where is the pow'r shall reach them there?
"Or what shall force them thence?"

Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

CXXXII. *Christ's sheep given by the father, and guarded by omnipotence.* John x. 29, 30.

IN one harmonious chearful song,
Ye happy saints combine;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.

The least, the feebleſt of the sheep
To him the father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.

In Christ th' Almighty father dwells,
And Christ and he are one;
The rebel pow'r which Christ assails,
Attacks the eternal throne.

That hand, which heav'n and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

Now let th' infernal lion roar,
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,
I will begin to fear.

CCXXXIII. *The attractive influence of crucified Saviour.* John xii. 32.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love?
I feel the strong attractive pow'r
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine
With chearful ardour to confess
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

CCXXXIV. *Christ's mysterious conduct to be unfolded hereafter.* John xiii. 7.

1 JESUS, we own thy sov'reign hand,
Thy faithful care we own;

Wil

Wisdom and love are all thy ways,
When most to us unknown.

By thee the springs of life were form'd,
And by thy breath are broke,
And good is ev'ry awful word
Our gracious Lord hath spoke.

To thee we yield our comforts up,
To thee our lives resign;
In straits and dangers rich and safe,
If we and ours are thine.

Thy saints in earlier life remov'd,
In sweeter accents sing;
And bless the swiftness of their flight,
That bore them to their king.

The burdens of a lengthen'd day
With patience we would bear;
Till ev'ning's welcome hour shall shew
We were our master's care.

CCXXXV. *Christ's pity and consolation for his troubled disciples.* John xiv. 1—3.

1 PEACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,
And all my tears be dry:
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn,
That views his Jesus nigh.

2 "Let not your bosoms throb, (he says)
"Nor be your souls afraid!
"Trust in your God's almighty name,
"And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 "Fair manſions in my father's houſe
"For all his children wait;
"And I, your elder brother, go
"To open wide the gate.

4 "And if I thither go before,
"A dwelling to prepare,
"I ſurely ſhall return again,
"That I may fix you there.

5 "United in eternal love,
"My choſen ſhall remain,
"And with rejoicing hearts ſhall ſhare
"The honours of my reign."

6 Yes, Lord; thy gracious words we hear,
And cordial joys they bring:
Frail nature may extort a groan,
But faith ſhall learn to ſing.

CCXXXVI. *The Chriſtian's life connected with that of Chriſt.* John xiv. 19.

1 THE cov'nant of a Saviour's love
Shall ſtand for ever good,
And thus his life ſhall guard the ſouls
He purchas'd with his blood.

2 "I live for ever, (ſaith the Lord)
"And you ſhall therefore live;
"Receive with pleaſure ev'ry pledge
"My pow'r and love can give."

3 We own the promiſe, prince of grace;
Tho' earthly helpers die;

And

And animate our fainting hearts,
While Chriſt our friend is nigh.

The king of fears can do no more
Than ſtop our mortal breath;
But Jeſus gives a nobler life,
That cannot yield to death.

CCXXXVII. *Abiding in Chriſt neceſſary to our Fruitfulneſs.* John xv. 4.

1 LORD of the vineyard we adore,
That pow'r and grace divine,
Which plants our wild, our barren ſouls
In Chriſt the living vine.

2 For ever may they there abide,
And, from that vital root,
Be influence ſpread thro' ev'ry branch,
To form and feed the fruit.

3 Shine forth, my God, the cluſters warm
With rays of ſacred love;
Till Eden's ſoil, and Zion's ſtreams
The gen'rous plant improve.

CCXXXVIII. *Our prayers effectual when we abide in Chriſt, and his word abideth in us.* John xv. 8.

1 HAIL, gracious Saviour, all divine!
Myſterious, ever-living vine!
To thee united may we live,
And nouriſh'd by thine Influence thrive.

2 Still may our ſouls in thee abide,
Torn by no tempeſts from thy ſide;
Nor from its place within our heart
Thy promiſe, or thy law depart.

3 Then ſhall our pray'rs accepted riſe,
Thro' thee a grateful ſacrifice;
And all our ſighs before thy throne
Deſcend in ample bleſſings down.

4 In ſilent hope our ſouls ſhall wait,
Their penſion from thy mercy's gate;
Nor can our lips our hearts expreſs
A wiſh proportion'd to thy grace.

CCXXXIX. *Continuing in Chriſt's love* John xv. 9.

1 TO all his flock, what wond'rous love
Doth our kind ſhepherd bear?
As he to his great father's heart,
So we to his are dear.

2 So ſure, ſo conſtant, and ſo ſtrong
Do his endearments prove:
O may their energy prevail
To fix us in his love.

3 No more let my divided heart
From this bleſt centre turn:
But, fir'd by ſuch all-potent rays,
With flames immortal burn.

4 Deſcend, and all thy pow'r diſplay,
And all thy love reveal;

That

That the warm ſtreams of Jeſus' blood
This frozen heart may feel.

CXL. *The apoſtles and chriſtians choſen by Chriſt to bring forth permanent fruit.* John xv. 16.

I OWN, my God, thy ſov'reign grace,
And bring the praiſe to thee ;
If thou my choſen portion art,
Thou firſt haſt choſen me.

My gracious counſellor and guide
Will hear me when I pray ;
Nor, while I urge a Saviour's name,
Will frown my ſoul away.

Bleſt Jeſus, animate my heart
With beams of heav'nly love,
And teach that cold unthankful ſoil
The heav'nly ſeed t' improve,

In copious ſhow'rs thy ſpirit ſend
To water all the ground ;
So to the honour of thy name
Shall laſting fruit be found.

CXLI. *Peace in Chriſt amidſt tribulations.* John xvi. 33.

HEnceforth let each believing heart
From anxious ſorrows ceaſe :
Tho' ſtorms of trouble rage around,
In Jeſus we have peace.

2 His blood from wrath to come redeems,
And his almighty grace,
By bitt'reſt draughts of deep diſtreſs,
Its healing pow'r diſplays.

3 Jeſus, our captain, march'd before
To lead us to the fight;
And now he reacheth out the crown
With heav'nly glories bright.

4 Lord 'tis enough; thy voice we hear;
That crown by faith we ſee:
No ſorrows ſhall o'erwhelm our ſouls,
Since none divide from thee.

CCXLII. *Chriſt ſanctifying himſelf, that h people may be ſanctified.* John xvii. 19.

1 BEHOLD the bleeding lamb of God,
Our ſpotleſs ſacrifice!
By hands of barb'rous ſinners ſeiz'd,
Nail'd to the croſs he dies.

2 Bleſt Jeſus, whence this ſtreaming blood!
And whence this foul diſgrace?
Whence all theſe pointed thorns, that ren
Thy venerable face?

3 "I ſanctify myſelf (he cries)
"That thou may'ſt holy be;
"Come, trace my life; come, view my death
"And learn to copy me."

4 Dear Lord, we pant for holineſs,
And inbred ſin we mourn:

T

To the bright path of thy commands
Our wand'ring footſteps turn.

Not more ſincerely would we wiſh
To climb the heav'nly hill,
Than here with all our utmoſt pow'r
Thy model to fulfil.

CXLIII. *Meditations on the ſepulchre in the garden.* John xix. 41.

THE ſepulchres, how thick they ſtand
Thro' all the road on either hand!
And burſt upon the ſtarting ſight
In ev'ry garden of delight!

Thither the winding alleys tend;
There all the flow'ry borders end;
And forms, that charm'd the eyes before;
Fragrance and muſic are no more.

Deep in that damp and ſilent cell
My fathers, and my brethren dwell;
Beneath its broad and gloomy ſhade
My kindred, and my friends are laid:

But, while I tread the ſolemn way,
My faith that Saviour would ſurvey,
Who deign'd to ſojourn in the tomb,
And left behind a rich perfume.

My thoughts with ecſtaſy unknown,
While from his grave they view his throne,
Thro' my own ſepulchre can ſee
A paradiſe reſerv'd for me.

CCXLIV. *Christ ascending to his father and God, and ours.* John xx. 17.

1 IN raptures let our hearts ascend
Our heav'nly seats to view,
And grateful trace that shining path
Our rising Saviour drew.

2 "Up to my father, and my God,
"I go; (the conqu'ror cries)
"Up to your father, and your God,
"My brethren, lift your eyes."

3 And doth the Lord of glory call
Such worms his brethren dear?
And doth he point to heav'n's high throne
And shew our father there?

4 And doth he teach my sinful lips
That tuneful sound, my God?
And breathe his spirit on my heart
To shed his grace abroad?

5 O world, produce a good like this,
And thou shalt have my love;
Till then, my father claims it all,
And Christ, who dwells above.

6 Dear Jesus, call this willing soul,
That struggles with its clay;
And fain would leave this weary load
To wing its airy way.

CCXLV

CXLV. *The disciples joy at Christ's appearance to them after his resurrection.* John xx. 19, 20.

COME, our indulgent Saviour, come,
Illustrious conqu'ror o'er the tomb:
Here thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

O come thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford;
Reveal the lustre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.

With rapture kneeling round we greet
Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet;
And from the scar, that marks thy side,
We see our life's warm torrent glide.

Enter our hearts, redeemer blest,
Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix thy lasting throne.

Own this mean dwelling as thy home;
And, when our life's last hour is come,
Let us but die, as in thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight.

CXLVI. *Appeal to Christ for the sincerity of love to him.* John xxi. 15.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;

And turn each curſed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my ſoul?
Then let me nothing love?
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jeſus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious ſtill
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulſe with pleaſure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Haſt thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt thou a foe, before whoſe face
I fear thy cauſe to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent ſpirit vie *
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy ſacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame.

7 Thou know'ſt I love thee, deareſt Lord;
But O! I long to ſoar
Far from the ſphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

* Endeavour to equal.

CCXLVII. *Zeal for the cauſe of Chriſt; or* Peter *and* John *following their Maſter.* John xxi. 18—20 *.

1 BLEST men, who ſtretch their willing hands,
Submiſſive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him, that lov'd their ſouls in death!

2 Lead me to ſuffer, and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
One ſmile from thee my heart ſhall fire,
And teach me ſmiling to expire.

3 If nature at the trial ſhake,
And from the croſs or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raiſe,
And turn its tremblings into praiſe.

4 While ſcarce I dare, with Peter ſay,
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;"
Yet in thy ſteps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope, and ſilent love.

* See *Family Expoſitor* in Loc.

CCXLVIII. *Chriſt exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.* Acts v. 31.

1 EXALTED prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne:
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And Seraph's bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confeſs
The ſov'reign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance ſhine,
And temper majeſty divine.

3 Wide thy reſiſtleſs ſceptre ſway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy croſs its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquiſh, and forgive!
Thine Iſrael ſhall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life, who wrought thy death.

CCXLIX. *The believer committing his departing ſpirit to Jeſus.* Acts vii. 59.

1 O Thou, that haſt redemption wrought,
Patron of ſouls, thy blood hath bought,
To thee our ſpirits we commit,
Mighty to reſcue from the pit.

2 Millions of bliſsful ſouls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With ſongs of endleſs praiſe proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.

3 When all the pow'rs of nature fail'd;
Thy ever-conſtant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendſhip ſpoke,
When ev'ry mortal bond was broke.

4 We on that friendſhip, Lord, repoſe,
The healing balm of all our woes;

And

And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine Omnipotence to save.

O may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain.

In raptures there divinely sweet
Give us our kindred-souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display.

CL. Peter's *admonition to* Simon Magus.
Acts viii. 21—24.

SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate * arts,
Intreat thy strict survey.

If lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

If tinctur'd with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out th' accursed stain.

If in these fatal fetters bound
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

* Natural.

5 To humble penitence and pray'r
Be gentle pity giv'n;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heav'n.

CCLI. *The descent of the spirit;* or *his influences desired.* Acts x. 44.

1 GREAT father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiv'n;
And bear with energy divine
Our raptur'd thoughts to heav'n.

5 Diffuse, O God, those copious show'rs,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flow'ry field *.

* *Isaiah* xxxv. 1, 2.

CCLII

CLII. *The word of salvation sent to us.* Acts xiii. 26.

AND why do our admiring eyes
These gospel-glories see?
And whence, doth ev'ry heart reply,
Salvation sent to me?

In fatal shades of midnight gloom
Ten thousand wretches stray;
And satan blinds ten thousand more
Amidst the blaze of day.

Millions of raging souls beneath,
In endless anguish hear
Harmonious sounds of grace transform'd,
To echoes of despair.

And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,
And shew my sins forgiv'n,
And bear thy witness to my part
Amongst the heirs of heav'n?

As the redeemed of the Lord,
We sing the Saviour's name;
And, while the long salvation lasts,
Its sov'reign grace proclaim.

CCLIII. *The unknown God.* Acts xvii. 23.

THOU, mighty Lord, art God alone,
A king of majesty unknown;
And all thy dazzling glories rise
Beyond the reach of angels eyes.

2 Yet thro' this earth thy works proclaim
Some notice of thy rev'rend name;
And, where thy gracious gospel shines,
We read it in the fairest lines.

3 But O! how few of Adam's race
Have learn'd thy nature and thy ways!
While thousands, e'en in lands of light,
Are buried in Egyptian night.

4 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear
And to thy solemn rights draw near;
Yet, tho' salvation seems so nigh,
Because they know not God, they die.

5 Send thy victorious gospel forth,
Wide from these regions of the north;
And thro' thy churches grace impart
To write thy name on ev'ry heart.

CCLIV. *God's command to all men to repent*
Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate* dies
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:

* Command.

Listen

Liſten, ye men of royal birth,
And let their vaſſals * hear.

4 Together in his preſence bow,
And all your guilt confeſs;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with the grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet ſound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts ſubdu'd by goodneſs fall,
And weep, and love, and praiſe.

* Subjects and ſlaves.

CCLV. *Paul's ſolicitude to finiſh his courſe with joy.* Acts xx. 24.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praiſe
For this rich goſpel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.

2 With joy may we our courſe purſue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thouſand days.

3 Should bonds or death obſtruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll ſurvey;
And the laſt hour improve for thee,
The laſt of life, or liberty.

4 Wel-

4 Welcome thoſe bonds, which may unite
Our ſouls to their ſupreme delight!
Welcome that death, whoſe painful ſtrife
Bears us to Chriſt our better life!

CCLVI. *Paul preaching and Felix trembling.* Acts xxiv. 25.

1 GREAT ſov'reign of the human heart,
Thy mighty energy impart
Which darts at once thro' breaſts of ſteel
And makes the nether miliſtone * feel

2 Let ſinners tremble at thy word,
Struck by the terrors of the Lord;
And, while they tremble, let them flee,
And ſeek their help, their life from thee.

3 O let them ſeize the preſent day,
Nor riſk ſalvation by delay;
To-morrow, Lord, to thee belongs;
This night may vindicate thy wrongs.

4 This night may ſtop their fleeting breath
And ſeal them to eternal death,
May veil redemption from their ſight,
And give them flames inſtead of light.

5 Or ſhould ſucceeding years remain,
Years, with their ſabbaths, all in vain
Before their darken'd eyes may roll,
And more obdurate leave the ſoul.

6 Great Saviour, let thy pity riſe,
And make the wretched triflers wiſe;

* The hardeſt hearts. Job xli. 24.

Let

Leſt pangs and tremblings felt in vain,
Haſten and feed immortal pain.

CLVII. *Help obtained of God.* Acts xxvi. 22.
For New Year's-Day.

1 GREAT God, we ſing that mighty hand
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand:
The op'ning year thy mercy ſhows;
That mercy crowns it, till it cloſe.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his inceſſant bounty fed,
By his unerring counſel led.

3 With grateful hearts the paſt we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In ſcenes exalted or depreſs'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our reſt:
Thy goodneſs all our hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

5 When death ſhall interrupt theſe ſongs,
And ſeal in ſilence mortal tongues,
Our helper-God, in whom we truſt,
In better worlds our ſouls ſhall boaſt.

CLVIII. *Treaſuring up wrath by deſpiſing mercy.* Romans ii. 4, 5.

1 UNgrateful ſinners, whence this ſcorn
Of long-extended grace?

And

And whence this madneſs, that inſults
Th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it becauſe his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply audacious crimes,
And ſpurn his richeſt love?

3 Is all the treaſur'd wrath ſo ſmall,
You labour ſtill for more,
Tho' not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhauſt the ſtore?

4 Swift doth the day of vengeance come,
That muſt your ſentence ſeal;
And righteous judgment now unknown
In all its pomp reveal.

5 Alarm'd and melted at thy voice,
Our conquer'd hearts would bow;
And, to eſcape the thund'rer then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

CCLIX. *The love of God ſhed abroad in th heart by the ſpirit.* Rom. v. 5.

1 DESCEND, immortal dove;
Spread thy kind wings abroad,
And, wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my ſoul to God.

2 Jeſus my Lord reveal
In charms of grace divine,
And be thyſelf the ſacred ſeal,
That pearl of price is mine.

3 Behol

Behold my heart expands
To catch the heav'nly fire;
It longs to feel the gentle bands,
And groans with ſtrong deſire.

Thy love, my God, appears,
And brings ſalvation down,
My cordial thro' this vale of tears,
In paradiſe my crown.

CLX. *Chriſtians quickened and raiſed by the Spirit.* Rom. viii. 11.

WHY ſhould our mourning thoughts
To grovel in the duſt? [delight
Or why ſhould ſtreams of tears unite
Around th' expiring juſt?

Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord aſcend on high,
And prove his pow'r to ſave?

Doth not the ſacred ſpirit come,
And dwell in all the ſaints?
And ſhould the temples of his grace
Reſound with long complaints?

Awake, my ſoul, and like the ſun
Burſt thro' each ſable cloud;
And thou, my voice, tho' broke with ſighs,
Tune forth thy ſongs aloud.

The ſpirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;

And

And ſpite of death and hell ſhall raiſe
Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye ſaints, that dwell in duſt,
Your hymns of vict'ry ſing;
And let his dying ſervants truſt
Their ever-living king.

CCLXI. *God's readineſs to give all thi argued from the gift of his ſon.* Rom. v 32.

1 NOW let my ſoul with tranſport riſe,
And rangethro'earth,andmountthesk
And view each various form of good,
Where angels hold their high abode.

2 I give my thoughts unbounded ſcope;
On equal pinions ſoars my hope;
My faith at nobleſt objects aims,
And what ſhe ſees, ſhe humbly claims.

3 Hath not the bounteous king of heav'n
From his embrace already giv'n
That ſon of his eternal love,
Who fill'd the brighteſt throne above?

4 Behold his hand on Jeſus laid!
Behold that lamb a victim made!
And what ſhall mercy hold too good
For ſinners, ranſom'd with his blood?

5 My ſoul, with heav'nly faith embrace
The ſacred cov'nant of his grace;
Then in delightful ſilence wait
The iſſues of a love ſo great.

CCLX

CCLXII. *Believing with the heart, and confeſſing with the mouth, neceſſary to ſalvation.* Rom. x. 6—10.

1 AND is ſalvation brought ſo near,
Where ſinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my ſoul, the ſound to hear,
And ſhout it joyous to the ſky.

2 I aſk not, who to heav'n ſhall ſcale,
That Chriſt the Saviour thence may come;
Or who earth's inmoſt depths aſſail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.

3 From heav'n on wings of love he flew,
And conqu'ror from the tomb he ſprung:
My heart believes the witneſs true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.

4 I ſing ſalvation brought ſo near,
No more on earth expiring lie;
I teach the world my joys to hear,
And ſhout them to the echoing ſky.

CCLXIII. *The living ſacrifice.* Rom. xii. 1.

1 AND will th' eternal king
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odour rise
Thro' our redeemer's name.

CCLXIV. *The near approach of salvation, a engagement to diligence and love.* Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eye
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shews salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

CCLXV. *The God of peace bruising Satan* Rom. xvi. 20.

1 YE armies of the living God,
In his all-conqu'ring name,

Lift

Lift up your banners, and aloud
Your leader's grace proclaim.

What tho' the prince of hell invade
With ſhow'rs of fiery darts,
And join to the fierce lion's roar,
The ſerpent's wily arts?

Jeſus who leads his hoſts to war,
Shall tread the monſter down,
And ev'ry faithful ſoldier ſhare
The triumph and the crown.

So Iſrael on the haughty necks
Of Canaan's tyrants trod,
And ſung their Joſhua's conqu'ring ſword,
And ſung their faithful God *.

* Joſhua x. 24.

CLXVI. *Chriſt our wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption.* 1 Corinth. i. 30, 31.

MY God, aſſiſt me, while I raiſe
An anthem of harmonious praiſe;
My heart thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
And ſpread its banners in thy name.

In Chriſt I view a ſtore divine:
My father, all that ſtore is thine;
By thee prepar'd, by thee beſtow'd;
Hail to the Saviour, and the God!

When gloomy ſhades my ſoul o'erſpread,
"Let there be light," th' Almighty ſaid;

And Chriſt, my ſun, his beams diſplays,
And ſcatters round celeſtial rays.

4 Condémn'd thy criminal I ſtood,
And awful juſtice aſk'd my blood;
That welcome Saviour from thy throne
Brought righteouſneſs and pardon down.

5 My ſoul was all o'erſpread with ſin,
And lo, his grace hath made me clean:
He reſcues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will beſtow.

6 Ye ſaints, aſſiſt my grateful tongue:
Ye angels, warble back my ſong:
For love like this demands the praiſe
Of heav'nly harps, and endleſs days.

CCLXVII. *Being joined to Chriſt, and one Spirit with him.* 1 Cor. vi. 17.

1 MY Saviour, I am thine,
By everlaſting bands;
My name, my heart, I would reſign,
My ſoul is in thy hands.

2 To thee I ſtill would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Chriſt to leave,
They never ſhall prevail.

3 His ſpirit ſhall unite
My ſoul to him, my head;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.

4 Death

4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near his side
Thro' all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If he in heav'n hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

CCLXVIII. *The transitory nature of the world, an argument for christian moderation.* 1 Cor. vii. 29—31.

1 SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude my sight
With glitt'ring trifles gay and vain:
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.

2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below;
Nor let unbounded torrents flow,
When mourning o'er my wither'd joys:
So this deceitful world is known;
Possess'd I call it not my own;
Nor glory in its painted toys.

3 The empty pageant rolls along;
The giddy unexperienc'd throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes;

It paſſeth in ſwift March away,
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the laſt gaudy colour dies *.

4 My God, to thee my ſoul ſhall turn;
For thee my nobleſt paſſions burn,
And drink in bliſs from thee alone:
I fix on that unchanging home,
Where never-fading pleaſures bloom,
Freſh ſpringing round thy radiant throne.

* Pageants, images, or emblematical figures in a cavalcade or proceſſion, continually moving, and quickly gone out of ſight. See family expoſitor in Loc.

CCLXIX. *God's fidelity in moderating temptations.* 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 NOW let the feeble all be ſtrong,
And make Jehovah's arm their ſong:
His ſhield is ſpread o'er ev'ry ſaint,
And thus ſupported, who ſhall faint?

2 What tho' the hoſts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage?
A faithful God reſtrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word he will diſplay,
A ſtrength proportion'd to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will ſhew a path of ſafe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promiſe good,
Which Jeſus ratified with blood:

Still

Still is he gracious, wife, and juft,
And ftill in him let Ifrael truft.

CLXX. *Bearing the image of the earthy and the heavenly Adam.* 1 Cor. xv. 49.

WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts
A blafted world furvey!
See the wide ruin fin hath wrought
In one unhappy day!

Adam, in God's own image form'd,
From God and blifs eftrang'd,
And all the joys of paradife
For guilt and horror chang'd!

Ages of labour and of grief
He mourn'd his glory loft;
At length the goodlieft work of heav'n
Sunk down to common duft.

O fatal heritage bequeath'd
To all his helplefs race!
Thro' the thick maze of fin and woe
Thus to the grave we pafs.

But, O my foul, with rapture hear
The fecond Adam's name;
And the celeftial gifts he brings,
To all his feed, proclaim.

In holinefs and joy complete
He reigns to endlefs years,
And each adopted chofen child
His fplendid image wears.

7 What tho' in mortal life they mourn?
What tho' by death they fall?
Jesus in one triumphant day
Transforms and crowns them all.

8 Praise to his rich mysterious grace!
E'en by our fall we rise;
And gain, for earthly Eden lost,
A heav'nly paradise.

CCLXXI. *Ministers comforted, that they may comfort others.* 2 Cor. i. 4.

1 FOUNTAIN of comfort and of love,
Thy streams, how free they flow!
First water all the world above,
Then visit us below!

2 From Christ, the head, what grace descends
To cherish ev'ry part!
He shares his joys with all his friends,
For all have shar'd his heart.

3 What tho' the sorrows here they feel
Are manifold and great?
He brings new consolations still,
As various and as sweet.

4 He shews our num'rous sins forgiv'n,
And shews our cov'nant God;
He witnesseth our right to heav'n,
The purchase of his blood.

5 Tho' earth and hell against us join,
In him we are secure;

Ou

Our diadems ſhall brighter ſhine
For all we now endure.

On ev'ry faithful ſhepherd's breaſt,
Lord, ſend theſe comforts down;
That they may lead their flock to reſt,
Which their own ſouls have known.

CLXXII. *God's delivering goodneſs acknowledged, and truſted.* 2 Cor. 1. 10.

A ſong for the 5th of November.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
So oft reveal'd hath ſav'd our land;
And, when united nations roſe,
Hath ſham'd and ſcourg'd our haughtieſt foes.

2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath diſpers'd them all with eaſe,
And ſunk their terrors in the ſeas *.

3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning ſnare;
He ſhot from heav'n a piercing ray,
And the dark treach'ry brought to day †.

4 Princes and prieſts again combine
New chains to forge, new ſnares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their ſnares.

* Referring to the defeat of the Spaniſh Armada, 1588.
† Gunpowder plot.

5 Obedient winds at his command
Convey his Hero to our land;
The ſons of Rome with terror view,
And ſpeed their flight, when none purſue*

6 Such great deliv'rance God hath wrought
And down to us ſalvation brought;
And ſtill the care of guardian-heav'n
Secures the bliſs itſelf hath giv'n.

7 In thee we truſt, Almighty Lord,
Continu'd reſcue to afford:
Still be thy pow'rful arm made bare,
For all thy ſervants hopes are there.

* Revolution by King William, 1688.

CCLXXIII. *Miniſters a ſweet ſavour, whether of life or death.* 2 Cor. ii, 15, 16.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who ſpreads his triumph wide!
While Jeſus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on ev'ry ſide:
Balmy and rich
The odours riſe,
And fill the earth
And reach the ſkies.

2 Ten thouſand dying ſouls
Its influence feel and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incenſe they receive:
They breathe anew,
And riſe and ſing
Jeſus the Lord,
Their conqu'ring king.

3 But

3 But ſinners ſcorn the grace,
That brings ſalvation nigh;
They turn their face away,
And faint, and fall, and die.
So ſad a doom,
Ye ſaints, deplore.
For O! they fall
To riſe no more.

4 Yet, wiſe and mighty God,
Shall all thy ſervants be,
In thoſe, who live or die,
A ſavour ſweet to thee:
Supremely bright
Thy grace ſhall ſhine,
Guarded with flames
Of wrath divine

CCLXXIV. *God ſhining into the heart.* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundleſs might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His preſence gilds the worlds above;
Th' unchanging ſource of light and love.

2 Our riſing earth his eye beheld,
When in ſubſtantial darkneſs veil'd;
The ſhapeleſs Chaos nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom *.

3 Let there be light, Jehovah ſaid,
And light o'er all its face was ſpread;

* Geneſis, i, 2, 3.

Nature,

Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born luſtre ſhone.

4 He ſees the mind, when loſt it lies
In ſhades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid * ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour ſhine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories ſtand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My ſoul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image ſhall diſplay,
While all my faculties unite
To praiſe the Lord, who gives me light.

* Lively, ſprightly.

CCLXXV. *The goſpel treaſure in earthen veſſels.* 2 Cor. iv. 7.

1 HOW rich thy bounty, king of kings!
Thy favours how divine!
The bleſſings which thy goſpel brings,
How ſplendidly they ſhine!

2 Gold is but droſs, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean, when ſet againſt thoſe joys,
Thy pooreſt ſervants ſhare!

3 Yet all theſe treaſures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns † of clay;

† Veſſels or jars.

And the weak ſons of mortal race,
Th' immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they liſp thy glories forth;
Yet grace the victʼry gives:
Quickly they moulder back to earth;
Yet ſtill thy goſpel lives.

5 Such wonders pow'r divine effects;
Such trophies * God can raiſe;
His hand from crumbling duſt erects
Long monuments of praiſe.

* Monuments or tokens of victory.

CCLXXVI. *Living to him, who died for us.* 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 MY Lord, didſt thou endure ſuch ſmart
My life, when forfeited, to ſave?
And didſt thou bear upon thy heart
My name, when riſing from the grave?

2 Am I in thy remembrance ſtill,
'Midſt all the glories of thy throne?
To form thy ſervant to thy will,
And fix my dwelling near thy own?

3 What can a feeble worm repay
For love ſo infinite as thine?
The torrent bears my ſoul away,
Th' impetuous ſtream of grace divine †.

† Referring to the emphaſis of the original word, *viz.* bears us away like a ſtrong torrent.

4 To thee, my Lord, it bears me on;
Self shall be deify'd * no more;
By self betray'd, by self undone,
I live by thy recov'ring pow'r.

5 Accept a soul so dearly bought;
Bought by thy life upon the tree;
A soul which, by thy spirit taught,
Knows no delight, but serving thee.

* Made a God of.

CCLXXVII. *God the author of consolation* 2 Cor. vii. 6.

1 THE Lord, how rich his comforts are!
How wide they spread! How high the[y rise
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.

2 I have no hope, my spirit cry'd,
Just trembling on the brink of hell;
I am thy hope, the Lord reply'd,
My love secures its fav'rites well.

3 My grateful soul shall speak its praise,
Who turns its tremblings into songs;
And those that mourn shall learn from me
Salvation to our God belongs.

CCLXXVIII. Satan's *strong-holds cast down by the gospel.* 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

1 SHOUT, for the battlements are fall'n,
Which heav'n itself defy'd!

Th

Th' aſpiring tow'rs, diſmantled * all,
Now ſpread their ruins wide!

2 Thy wond'rous trumpets, prince of peace,
Sent forth their mighty ſound;
The ſtrength of Jericho was ſtruck,
And totter'd to the ground †.

3 No more proud reas'nings ſhall diſpute
What truth divine declares;
No more ſelf-righteouſneſs to plead
Its own perfections dares.

4 No ſtrength our ruin'd pow'rs can boaſt
Thy precepts to fulfil;
No liberty we aſk or wiſh
For our rebellious will.

5 The gates we open to admit
The Saviour's gentle ſway:
Bleſt Jeſus, 'tis thy right to reign,
Our pleaſure to obey.

6 Each thought in ſweet ſubjection held,
Thy ſov'reign pow'r ſhall own;
And ev'ry traitor ſhall be ſlain,
That dares diſpute the throne.

* Demoliſhed, broke down. † *Joſhua* vi. 20.

CCLXXIX. *The Chriſtian farewell.* 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 THY preſence, everlaſting God,
Wide o'er all nature ſpreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot ſleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou doſt our lives and ſouls ſuſtain;
When abſent, happy if we ſhare
Thy ſmiles, thy counſels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And ſeek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine,
And guard and guide us ſtill as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved houſe
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

CCLXXX. *Living while in the fleſh by faith in Chriſt, who loved us*, &c. Galat. ii. 20.

1 MY Jeſus, while in mortal fleſh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my ſpirit reſt on thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.

2 By hourly faith in thee I live
'Midſt all my griefs and ſnares;
And death, encounter'd in thy ſight,
No form of horror wears.

3 Yes, thou haſt lov'd this ſinful worm,
Haſt giv'n thyſelf for me;
Haſt brought me from eternal death,
Nail'd to the bloody tree.

4 On thy dear croſs I fix mine eyes,
Then raiſe them to thy ſeat;
Till love diſſolves my inmoſt ſoul,
At its Redeemer's feet.

5 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to ev'ry ſin;
And tell the boldeſt foes without,
That Jeſus reigns within.

6 My life with his connected ſtands,
Nor aſks a ſurer ground;
He keeps me in his gracious arms,
Where heav'n itſelf is found.

CCLXXXI. *A filial temper, the work of the ſpirit, and a proof of adoption.* Gal. iv. 6.

1 SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a word would raiſe its head,
Diſdain a father's name.

2 My Father God! how ſweet the ſound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heav'n
Could ſo delight the ear.

3 Come, ſacred ſpirit, ſeal the name
On mine expanding heart;
And ſhew, that in Jehovah's grace
I ſhare a filial part.

4 Chear'd by a ſignal ſo divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
Thou know'ſt I Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can the ſign deceive.

5 On wings of everlaſting love
The comforter is come;

All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless-pleasures bloom.

CCLXXXII. *Christian sympathy.* Gal. vi. 2

1 HAIL, everlasting prince of peace!
Hail, governor divine!
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway?
What gentle laws are thine?

2 His tender heart with love o'erflow'd,
Love spoke in ev'ry breath;
Vig'rous it reign'd thro' all this life,
And triumph'd in his death.

3 All these united charms he shews
Our frozen souls to move;
This proof of love to him demands,
That we each other love.

4 O be the sacred law fulfill'd
In ev'ry act and thought;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
By thy Redeemer's grace:
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heav'n embrace.

CCLXXXIII. *Blessing God for spiritual blessings in Christ.* Ephes. i. 3.

1 LOUD be thy name ador'd,
Thy titles spread abroad,

Of

Of Chriſt, our glorious Lord,
The father and the God!
Thro' ſuch a ſon,
Thy churches head,
Thine honours ſpread
O'er worlds unknown.

Ten thouſand gifts of love
From thee thro' him deſcend;
And bear our ſouls above
To joys that never end:
To heav'n they ſoar,
Suſtain'd by God,
And thro' the road
His arm adore.

Ten thouſand ſongs of praiſe
Shall by the Saviour riſe,
And thro' eternal days
Shall echo round the ſkies.
New ſhouts we'll give,
And loud proclaim
The honour'd name,
By which we live.

CCLXXXIV. *The grand ſcheme of the goſpel.* Eph. i. 9, 10, 11.

WE ſing the deep myſterious plan,
Which God deviſ'd ere time began;
At length diſclos'd in all its light.
We bleſs the wond'rous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace ſo free, and hope ſo bright.

2 Here

2 Here has the wife eternal mind
In Chrift, their common head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heav'n
Thro' him, from the great father's throne,
Rivers of blifs come rolling down,
And endlefs peace and life are giv'n.

3 No more the awful cherubs guard
The tree of life with flaming fword,
To drive afar man's trembling race;
At Salem's pearly gates they ftand,
And fmiling wait (a friendly band!)
To welcome ftrangers to the place.

4 While we expect that glorious fight,
Love fhall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our bofoms raife:
From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay
To thefe refplendent realms of day,
We'll try to fend the founding praife.

CCLXXXV. *The heavenly inheritance made known by the Spirit.* Eph. i. 18.

1 COME, thou celeftial fpirit, come,
And call my roving paffions home;
To mine enlighten'd eyes difplay
The heritage of heav'nly day.

2 My God, that heritage is thine:
How rich, how glorious, how divine!
How far above all mortal things,
The little pride of courts and kings!

3 Of endlefs joy the unbounded ftore,
Why is its luftre known no more?

Away

Away, ye mists of envious night,
That veil salvation from my sight!

4 Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, shine;
Shew the bright world, and shew it mine;
Then paradise on earth shall spring,
And mortal worms like angels sing.

CCLXXXVI. *Salvation by grace.* Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread th' heav'nly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmast stone,
And well deserves the praise.

CCLXXXVII. *Christians risen and exalted with Christ to heavenly places.* Eph. ii. 5, 6.

1 STUPENDOUS grace! and can it be
Design'd for rebels such as we?

O let

O let our ardent praiſes riſe,
High as our hopes beyond the ſkies!

2 This fleſh, by righteous vengeance ſlain,
Might ever in the duſt remain;
Theſe guilty ſpirits ſent to dwell
'Midſt all the flames and fiends * of hell.

3 But lo, incarnate love deſcends;
Down to the ſepulchre it bends;
Riſing, it tears the bars away,
And ſprings to its own native day.

4 Then was our ſepulchre unbar'd;
Then was our path to glory clear'd;
Then if that Saviour be our own,
Did we aſcend a heav'nly throne.

5 A moment ſhall our joy complete,
And fix us in that ſhining ſeat,
Bought by the pangs our Lord endur'd,
And by unchanging truth ſecur'd.

6 O may that love, in ſtrains ſublime,
Be ſung to the laſt hour of time!
And let eternity confeſs,
Thro' all its rounds, the matchleſs grace.

* Evil ſpirits.

CCLXXXVIII. *Nearneſs to God through Chriſt.* Eph. ii. 13.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at diſtance ſtood?
And to effect this glorious change,
Did Jeſus ſhed his blood?

2 O for a ſong of ardent praiſe
To bear our ſouls above!
What ſhould allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here may we ſee thy glories ſhine,
And taſte thy mercies here.

4 O may that love, which ſpread thy board,
Diſpoſe us for the feaſt;
May faith behold a ſmiling God
Thro' Jeſus bleeding breaſt.

5 Fir'd with the view, our ſouls ſhall riſe
In ſuch a ſcene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That ſhall complete our bliſs.

CCLXXXIX. *The inſtitution of a goſpel-miniſtry from Chriſt.* Eph. iv. 11, 12.

For the ordination or ſettlement of a miniſter.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy houſe
Smile on our homage, and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we ſhare
Theſe pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he roſe
In ſplendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence

3 Hence ſprung th' apoſtles honour'd nam
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic ſage;
And hence the Evangelic page.

4 In lowlier forms, to bleſs our eyes,
Paſtors from hence, and teachers riſe;
Who, tho' with feebler rays they ſhine,
Still gild a long-extended line.

5 From Chriſt their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Chriſt their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midſt all the rage of hell they ſtand.

6 So ſhall the bright ſucceſſion run
Thro' the laſt courſes of the ſun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall riſe and flouriſh large and fair.

7 Jeſus our Lord their hearts ſhall know,
The ſpring, whence all thoſe bleſſings flow
Paſtors and people ſhout his praiſe
Thro' the long round of endleſs days.

CCXC. *Chriſt the head of the church.* Ep
iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, I ſing thy matchleſs grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy ſaints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:

Fro

From thee divided, each is dead,
When moſt he ſeems alive.

3 Thy ſaints on earth, and thoſe above
Here join in ſweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou, our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy ſpirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
This bond to diſunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt preſent
Before thy father's face;
Nor ſhall a wrinkle or a ſpot
Its beauteous form diſgrace.

CCXCI. *Love to others urged from Chriſt's love, in giving himſelf a ſacrifice.* Eph. v. 2.

1 NOW be that ſacrifice ſurvey'd,
That ranſom which the Saviour paid;
That ſight familiar to my view,
Yet always wond'rous, always new.

2 The lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,
And gently bow'd his dying head;
While love to ſinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing ſmart.

3 Bleſt Jeſus, while thy grace I ſing,
What grateful tribute ſhall I bring,
That earth and heav'n and thou may'ſt ſee
My love to him, who died for me?

4 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taug
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.

5 When to thy sacred cross we fly,
There let each savage passion die;
While the warm streams of blood divine
Melt our cold hearts to love like thine.

CCXCII. *The wisdom of redeeming time.* Eph
v. 15, 16.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant-time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wild sea,
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Where not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring shew,
We gaze in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour;

That

That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its pow'r.

CXCIII. *Christ's love to the church in giving himself for it*, &c. Eph. v. 25—27.

BRidegroom of souls, how rich thy love!
How gen'rous, how divine!
Our inmost hearts it well may move,
While thus our voices join.

Deformed and wretched once we lay,
Worthy thy hate and scorn;
Yet love like thine could find a way
To rescue and adorn.

Thou art our ransom; from thy veins
A wond'rous fountain flows,
To wash thy bride from all her stains,
And heal our deepest woes.

Transform'd by thee, e'en here below
Thy church is bright and fair:
But O! how glorious shall she shew,
When Jesus shall appear!

Thine eye shall all her form survey
With infinite delight,
Confess'd in that illustrious day,
Unblemish'd in thy sight.

CXCIV. *Christ's service, the fruit of our labours on earth.* Phil. i. 22.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To ev'ry service I can pay;

And call it my ſupreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
It ſure ſupport its nobleſt end?
Thy ever-ſmiling face to ſee,
And ſerve the cauſe of ſuch a friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increaſe my worldly good;
Nor future days or pow'rs employ
To ſpread a ſounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him, who for my ranſom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliſs, as bloſſoms at his ſide.

5 His work my hoary age ſhall bleſs,
When youthful vigour is no more:
And my laſt hour of life confeſs
His love hath animating pow'r.

CCXCV. *The happineſs of departing, an being with Chriſt.* Phil. i. 23.

WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcenes on either hand
My ſpirit ſtruggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jeſus dwells my ſoul would be;
It faints my much-lov'd Lord to ſee:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Com

3 Come, ye angelic envoys *, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of our own.

4 That blessed interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace.

5 To see heav'n's shining courtiers round,
Each with immortal glories crown'd!
And, while his form in each I trace,
Belov'd, and loving all t' embrace!

6 As with a Seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!
Performing with unwearied hands
A present Saviour's high commands!

7 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heav'n begun below.

* Messengers, embassadors.

CCXCVI. *Pressing on in the christian race.* Phil. iii. 12—14.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witneſſes around
Hold thee in full ſurvey:
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye.

4 That prize with peerleſs glories bright,
Which ſhall new luſtre boaſt,
When victors wreaths * and monarchs gems
Shall blend in common duſt.

5 Bleſt Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

* Crowns or garlands given to conquerors.

CCXCVII. *God ſupplying the neceſſities of his people.* Phil. iv. 19, 20.

1 MY God, how chearful is the ſound!
How pleaſant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleaſure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his ſeat.

2 What want ſhall not our God ſupply,
From his redundant ſtores?
What ſtreams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours?

3 From Chriſt, the ever-living ſpring,
Theſe ample bleſſings flow:

Prepare

Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart hath lov'd us so.

4 Now to our father and our God
Be endless glory giv'n,
Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heav'n.

CCXCVIII. *Thankfulness for being made meet for the heavenly inheritance.* Coloss. i. 12.

1 ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise?
What flaming love and zeal is due,
While heav'n stands open to our view?

2 Once we were fall'n, and O! how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe;
Doom'd to a heritage in hell,
Where sinners all in darkness dwell.

3 But lo, a ray of chearful light
Scatters the horrid shades of night!
Lo, what triumphant grace is shewn
To souls impov'rish'd and undone!

4 Far, far beyond these mortal shores
A bright inheritance is ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy blissful state.

5 If ready drest for heav'n we shine,
Thine are the robes, the crown is thine:
May endless years their course prolong,
While "Thine the praise," is all our song.

CCXCIX. *Angels and christians united in Christ, as their common head.* Coloss. ii. 10.

1 HAIL to Emanuel's ever honour'd name!
Spread it, ye angels, thro' heav'n's sacred flame.
Ye scepter'd cherubim, before his throne,
And flaming Seraphim, bow humbly down.
He is your head; with prostrate awe adore him,
And lay with joy your radiant crowns before him.

2 Array'd in his refulgent beams ye shine,
And draw existence * from his source divine;
Grateful ye wait the signal of his hand,
Honour'd too highly by his least command:
In him th' indwelling deity admiring,
And to his brighter image still aspiring.

3 Mortals with you in chearful homage join,
And bring their anthems to Emanuel's shrine:
Mean as we are, with sins and griefs beset,
We glory, that in him we are complete.
He is our head, and we with you adore him,
And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts before him.

4 We sing the blood that ransom'd us from hell;
We sing the graces, that in Jesus dwell;
Led by his spirit, guarded by his hand,
Our hopes anticipate your goodly land;
Still his incarnate deity admiring,
And with heav'n's hierarchy † in praise conspiring.

* Being, or life. † The several orders of angels.

CCC. *Chriſtians, as riſen with Chriſt, exhorted to ſeek things above.* Coloſſ. iii. 1.

1 HEARKEN, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents ſo divine as theſe
Might charm the dulleſt ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your ſouls to ſin muſt die;
With Chriſt our Lord ye live anew,
With Chriſt aſcend on high.

3 There at his father's hand he ſits
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himſelf your brother ſtill,
And your forerunner there.

4 Riſe from theſe earthly trifles, riſe,
On wings of faith and love;
Jeſus your choiceſt treaſure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and ſin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, ſend thy ſtrong attractive force
To raiſe and fix us high.

CCCI. *The proſperity of the church, the life of a faithful miniſter.* 1 Theſſ. iii. 8.

1 BLEST Jeſus bow thine ear,
While we intreat thy love;
O come, and all our hearts poſſeſs,
And our beſt paſſions move.

2 May we ſtand faſt in thee,
Tho' ſtorms and tempeſts beat;
And in thy guardian-arms obtain
A calm and ſafe retreat.

3 Still be thy truth maintain'd,
And ſtill thy word obey'd,
And to the merits of thy blood
A conſtant homage paid.

4 So ſhall thy ſhepherds live
And raiſe their chearful head,
And, in ſuch bleſſings on their flock,
Confeſs their toils repaid.

CCCII. *Comfort on the death of pious friends.* 1 Theſſ. iv. 17, 18.

1 TRanſporting tidings which we hear!
What muſic to the pious ear?
Chriſt loves each humble ſaint ſo well,
He with his Lord ſhall ever dwell.

2 Bleſt Jeſus, ſource of ev'ry grace,
From far to view thy ſmiling face
While abſent thus by faith we live,
Exceeds all joys, that earth can give.

3 But O! what ecſtaſy unknown
Fills the wide circle round thy throne,
Where ev'ry rapt'rous hour appears
Nobler than millions of our years!

4 Millions by millions multiplied
Shall ne'er thy ſaints from thee divide;

But

But the bright legions live and praiſe
Thro' all thy own immortal days.

5 O happy dead, in thee that ſleep,
While o'er their mould'ring duſt we weep!
O faithful Saviour, who ſhalt come
That duſt to ranſom from the tomb!

6 While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Thro' tears our triumphs ſhall be ſhown,
Tho' round their graves, and near our own.

CCCIII. *Chriſt glorified and admired in his ſaints at the great day.* 2 Theſſ. i. 10.

1 YE heav'ns with ſounds of triumph ring;
Ye angels, burſt into a ſong;
Jeſus deſcends, victorious king,
And leads his ſhining train along.

2 Ye ſaints that ſleep in duſt, ariſe;
Let joy re-animate your clay;
Spring to your Saviour thro' the ſkies,
And round his throne your homage pay.

3 Then let the ſons of heav'n draw nigh,
While to th' aſtoniſh'd hoſts you tell,
How feeble mortals roſe ſo high
From graves and worms, from ſin and hell.

4 Tell them, in accents like their own,
What an incarnate God could do;
Then point to Jeſus on the throne,
And boaſt, that Jeſus died for you.

5 Tranſ-

5 Tranſported, they no more can hear ;
Their voices catch the ſacred name ;
Harmonious to his father's ear,
Jeſus the God, their harps proclaim.

6 Sin hath its dire * incurſions made,
That thou might'ſt prove thy pow'r to ſave
And death its enſigns wide diſplay'd,
That thou might'ſt triumph o'er the grave

* Dreadful.

CCCIV. *Chriſt ſeen of Angels.* 1 Tim iii. 16.

1 O Ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble ſong
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace,
His beauteous face
In heav'n ye view.

2 Ye ſaw the heav'n-born child
In human fleſh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praiſe to God,
And peace on earth,
For ſuch a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderneſs
Beheld the tempter ſpoil'd,
Well known in ev'ry dreſs,
In ev'ry combat foil'd ;

And joy'd to crown
The Victor's head
When Satan fled
Before his frown.
Around the bloody tree
Ye preſs'd with ſtrong deſire,
That wond'rous ſight to ſee,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In ſad ſurprize.
Around his ſacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep;
Till the bleſt moment come
To rouſe Him from his ſleep:
Then roll'd the ſtone,
And all ador'd
Your riſing Lord
With joy unknown.
When all array'd in light
The ſhining conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And ſtruck your ſtrings
Of ſweeteſt ſound.
The warbling notes purſue,
And louder anthems raiſe;
While mortals ſing with you
Their own Redeemer's praiſe:

And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

CCCV. *The ſtability of the divine foundation and its double inſcription.* 2 Tim. ii. 19.

1 TO thee, great architect on high,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who, to ſupport thy ſinking ſaints,
This firm foundation laid.

2 Fix'd on a rock thy goſpel ſtands,
And braves * the rage of hell;
And, while the Saviour's hand protects,
His blood cements it well.

3 Here will I build my final hope;
Here reſt my weary ſoul;
Majeſtic ſhall the ‡ fabric riſe,
Till glory crown the whole.

4 Deep on my heart, all-gracious Lord,
Engrave its double ſeal;
Which, while it ſpeaks thy honour'd name
Its ſacred uſe may tell.

5 Dear by a thouſand tender bonds,
Thy ſaints to thee are known;
And, conſcious what a name they bear,
Iniquity they ſhun.

* Defies. ‡ Building.

CCCVI

CCCVI. *Perſecution to be expected by every true Chriſtian.* 2 Tim. iii. 12.

1 GREAT leader of thine Iſrael's hoſt,
We ſhout thy conqu'ring name;
Legions of foes beſet thee round,
And legions fled with ſhame.

2 A vict'ry glorious and complete
Thou by thy death didſt gain;
So in thy cauſe may we contend,
And death itſelf ſuſtain.

3 By our illuſtrious gen'ral fir'd,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to ſtruggle and to bleed,
If thou, our Lord, be near.

4 We'll trace the footſteps thou haſt drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor ſhun thy combat and thy croſs,
May we but ſhare thy crown.

CCCVII. *The chriſtian ſcheme of ſalvation worthy of God.* Heb. ii. 10.

1 IMMORTAL God, on thee we call,
The great original of all;
Thro' thee we are, to thee, we tend,
Our ſure ſupport, our glorious end.

2 We praiſe that wiſe myſterious grace,
That pitied our revolted race,
And Jeſus, our victorious head,
The captains of Salvation made.

3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many ſons to glory lead;
And ſinful worms to him are giv'n,
A colony to people heav'n.

4 Jeſus for us, (O gracious name!)
Encounters agony and ſhame:
Jeſus, the glorious and the great,
Was by dire * ſuff'ring made complete.

5 A ſcene of wonders here we ſee,
Worthy thy ſon, and worthy thee:
And, while this theme employs our tongues
All heav'n unites its ſweeteſt ſongs.

CCCVIII. Satan *and* Death *conquered by the death of Chriſt.* Heb. ii. 14, 15.

1 SATAN, the dire * invader came
Our new-made world t' annoy:
And death march'd dreadful in his rear,
His captives to deſtroy.

2 Caught in his ſnares our father ſunk;
With him his children fell;
And death his fatal ſhaft ‡ prepar'd
To ſmite them down to hell.

3 Jeſus with pitying eye beheld,
And left his ſtarry crown;
Turn'd his own weapons on the foe,
And mov'd his legions down.

* Dreadful. ‡ Arrow.

4 By

4 By death the Saviour death diſarm'd,
That we in light may ſhine;
And fix'd this great myſterious law,
That duſt ſhould duſt refine.

5 No more the pointed ſhaft we fear,
Nor dread the monſter's boaſt;
No more the pious dead we mourn,
As friends for ever loſt.

6 Their tongues, great prince of life, ſhall join
With our recover'd breath,
And all th' immortal hoſts, t' aſcribe
Our vict'ry to thy death.

CCCIX. *An immediate attention to God's voice required.* Heb. iii. 15.

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls,
Be ev'ry ear inclin'd;
May ſuch a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

2 If he in thunder ſpeaks,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But gentle accents here proclaim
The condeſcending God.

3 O harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day:
Leſt, ere to-morrow's earlieſt dawn,
He call your ſouls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conqu'ring grace;

So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

CCCX. *The eternal sabbath.* Heb. iv. 9.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring soul's aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

CCCXI. *Christ our forerunner, and the foundation of our hope.* Heb. vi. 19, 20.

1 JESUS the Lord our souls adore,
A painful suff'rer now no more;

High

High on his father's throne he reigns
O'er earth, and heav'n's extenſive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undiſturb'd his ſeat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And ſing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet, 'midſt the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himſelf alone;
His meaneſt ſervants ſhare their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Riſe, riſe my ſoul, thy raptur'd ſight,
With ſacred wonder and delight;
Jeſus thy own forerunner ſee
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling tempeſt yell,
And foaming waves to mountains ſwell,
No ſhipwreck can my veſſel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

CCCXII. *The evil conſcience purified by the blood of Jeſus.* Heb. ix. 13, 14.

1 BLEST be the lamb, whoſe blood was ſpilt
To ſprinkle conſcience from its guilt;
To eaſe its pains, to calm its fears,
And purchaſe grace for future years.

2 Cleans'd by this all-atoning blood,
We joy in free acceſs to God,
The living God, before whoſe face
Sinners in vain ſhall ſeek a place.

3 Rouze

3 Rouze thee, my soul, to serve him still
With cordial love, with active zeal:
Serve him, like his own son divine,
Who made his life the price of thine.

4 Blest Jesus, introduc'd by thee,
The father's smiling face I see;
And, strengthen'd by thy grace alone,
These grateful services are done.

5 Then must my debt from day to day
Grow with each service that I pay;
So grows my joy, dear Lord, to be
Thus more and more in debt to thee.

CCCXIII. *Death and judgment appointed t all.* Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree
That Adam's race must die:
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heav'n and hell are hung,
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the judge to see,

And

And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought
Muſt paſs its ſcrutiny.

5 O may I in the judge behold
My Saviour and my friend,
And far beyond the reach of death
With all his ſaints aſcend.

CCCXIV. *Chriſt's ſecond appearance, &c.* Heb. ix. 28.

1 BEHOLD the Son of God appears,
And in his fleſh our ſins he bears;
The victim at God's altar ſtood
To expiate guilt by groans and blood.

2 But lo, a ſecond time he comes
To ſhake the earth, and rend the tombs;
Theſe heav'ns before him melt away,
And ſun and ſtars in ſmoke decay.

3 Yet 'midſt this gen'ral wreck and dread,
Ye ſaints, with triumph lift the head;
With glad ſurprize your Saviour meet,
Who comes to make your bliſs complete.

4 My ſoul, an happineſs ſo great
With pleaſing expectation wait;
And, while I dwell upon the thought,
Be earth and all its toys forgot.

5 My Saviour-God, what grace is thine,
Which gives a proſpect ſo divine!
Come bleſſed day, and teach our tongues
How angels warble out their ſongs.

CCCXV.

CCCXV. *Liberty to enter through the veil l the blood of Christ.* Heb. x. 19—22.

1 APPROACH, ye children of your God
Fav'rites of heav'n draw near;
Enter the holiest with delight,
Tho' his own ark be there.

2 Pass thro' the veil, the Saviour's flesh,
That new and living way;
And majesty enshrin'd * in love
Shall gentle beams display.

3 Jesus with sin-atoning blood
The throne hath sprinkled o'er;
His fragrant incense spreads its cloud,
And justice flames no more.

4 Approach with boldness and with joy,
But spotless all draw near;
Pure be your lives from ev'ry stain,
And ev'ry conscience clear.

5 So shall the blessings of his grace
On all your souls distil,
Till each a royal priest appears
On his celestial hill.

* Surrounded with and softened by.

CCCXVI. *God's fidelity to his promise.* Heb. x. 23.

1 THE Promises I sing,
Which sov'reign love hath spoke;

No

Nor will th' eternal king
His words of grace revoke;
They ſtand ſecure;
And ſtedfaſt ſtill;
Not Zion's hill
Abides ſo ſure.

2 The mountains melt away
Whence once the judge appears,
And ſun and moon decay,
That meaſure mortals years;
But ſtill the ſame
In radiant lines
The promiſe ſhines
Thro' all the flame.

3 Their harmony ſhall ſound
Thro' mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And diſſipate the ſpheres;
'Midſt all the ſhock
Of that dread ſcene,
I ſtand ſerene,
Thy word my rock.

CCCXVII. *The day approaching, a motive to love and worſhip.* Heb. x. 24, 25.

1 THE day approacheth, O my ſoul,
The great deciſive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns;
And lo, the judge appears;

Ye

Ye heav'ns, retire before his face,
And ſink, ye darken'd ſtars.

3 Yet does one ſhort preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;
Rouze thee, my ſoul, with all thy pow'r,
Nor let it paſs in vain.

4 With me my brethren ſoon muſt die,
And at that bar appear;
Now be our intercourſe improv'd
To mutual comfort here.

5 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng;
For this, thy board ſurround;
Here may our ſervice be approv'd,
And in thy preſence crown'd.

CCCXVIII. Abraham's *faith in leaving his country at the divine command.* Heb. xi. 8.

1 NOW let our ſongs proclaim abroad
Th' unchanging name of Abram's God;
In him let Abram's children boaſt,
Their father's ever-living Lord,
His ſhield, his friend, his great reward,
Who never can deceive their truſt.

2 Call'd by thy voice, with joyful ſpeed
He went, where thou waſt pleas'd to lead,
Unknowing in the path he trod;
His land, his kindred ſtrove in vain,
The pious pilgrim to detain,
Propt on the promiſe of his God.

3 So

So at thy word the ſaint foregoes *
Each tender tie the nation knows,
And hears no other voice but thine;
Marches, where thou ſhalt point the way,
Where thou ſhalt pitch his tent, will ſtay,
And learns his Iſaac to reſign.

At length, ſtill faithful to thy own,
Thou call'ſt him to a world unknown,
Thro' paths untrod by mortal feet;
Smiling he owns thy voice in death,
Gives to the air his fleeting breath,
And finds the road to Abram's ſeat.

* Breaks through.

CCCXIX. *The God of the* Patriarchs *preparing them a city.* Heb. xi. 16.

1 I AM thy God, Jehovah ſaid,
To Abram, and his choſen ſeed;
And ſtill the ſame relation owns
To each of Abram's faithful ſons.

2 Sov'reign of heav'n, what works of love
So grand a title ſhall approve?
What ſplendid gifts will God beſtow,
That all its high import may know?

3 Not the rich flocks and herds that feed
Round Abram's tents in Mamre's mead;
Not Joſeph's chariot, nor the throne,
Iv'ry and gold of Solomon.

4 Not Canaan's plains a lot can prove
Proportion'd to Jehovah's love;

Not Zion's sacred mountain, where
His temple glitter'd like a star.

5 O'er Zion's mount, o'er Canaan's plains,
Oppression now, and horror reigns:
And, where the throne of David stood,
His ruin'd sepulchre is view'd.

6 'Tis in the heav'n of heav'ns alone
Thou mak'st thy wond'rous friendship know
A city there thy hand prepares,
Fix'd as thy own eternal years.

7 Long as they reign before thy face,
The blissful nations shall confess,
Thy sov'reign love has there bestow'd
Salvation worthy of a God.

CCCXX. Moses' *wise choice.* Heb. xi. 2

1 MY soul, with all thy waken'd pow'rs
Survey the heav'nly prize;
Nor let these glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

2 The splendid crown, which Moses fough
Still beams around his brow;
Tho' soon great Pharaoh's sceptter'd prid
Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treasures of a day
I chearfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secur'd by grace divine.

Let fools my wiſer choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor ſcorn of men, nor rage of hell
My ſtedfaſt ſoul ſhall move.

With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will ſurvey;
And in the blooming proſpect loſe
The ſorrows of the way.

CCXXI. *Acting, as ſeeing him who is inviſible.* Heb. xi. 27.

ETERNAL and immortal king,
Thy peerleſs* ſplendours none can bear.
But darkneſs veils Seraphic eyes,
When God with all his luſtre's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Inviſible can ſee;
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fix'd regards, Great God, to thee.

Then ev'ry tempting form of ſin,
Sham'd in thy preſence, diſappears!
And all the glowing raptur'd ſoul
The likeneſs it contemplates wears.

O ever-conſcious to my heart,
Witneſs to its ſupreme deſire,
Behold it preſſeth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.

This one petition would it urge,
To bear thee ever in its ſight;

* Unequalled

In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

CCCXXII. *Subjection to God, the father o*
our ſpirits. Heb. xii. 9.

1 ETERNAL ſource of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyſelf forgot;
Whilſt thee, great parent-mind, we own
In proſtrate homage round thy throne.

2 Whilſt in themſelves our ſouls ſurvey
Of thee ſome faint reflected ray,
They wond'ring to their father riſe;
His pow'r how vaſt! His thoughts how wiſe

3 Behold us as thine offspring, Lord,
And do not caſt us off abhorr'd;
Nor let thy hand, ſo long our joy,
Be rais'd in vengeance to deſtroy.

4 O may we live before thy face,
The willing ſubjects of thy grace;
And thro' each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love.

CCCXXIII. *The immutability of Chriſt.*
Heb. xiii. 8.

1 WITH tranſport, Lord, our ſouls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of thy name:
Aſſembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaſeleſs glories known.

2 High

High on his father's royal seat
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.

3 Thro' all succeeding ages he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

4 The same his pow'r his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

5 Let nature change and sink and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

CCCXXIV. *Watching for souls in the view of the great account.* Heb. xiii. 17.

For the ordination of a minister.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The Pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for ſouls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliſs forego*;
For ſouls which muſt for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haſte,
Th' account to render there;
And ſhouldſt thou ſtrictly mark our faults
Lord, how ſhall we appear?

5 May they that Jeſus, whom they preach,
Their own redeemer ſee;
And watch thou daily o'er their ſouls,
That they may watch for thee.

* Forſake, lay aſide.

CCCXXV. *The chriſtian perfected by divine grace through Chriſt.* Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy pow'r to ſave;
That pow'r, by which our ſhepherd roſe
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that ſhepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought th' eternal cov'nant down,
And ſeal'd it with his blood.

3 So may thy ſpirit ſeal my ſoul,
And mould it to thy will;
That my fond heart no more may ſtray,
But keep thy cov'nant ſtill.

4 Still

4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

CCCXXVI. *Christians begotten to God as the first fruits of his creatures.* James i. 18.

1 NOW to that sov'reign grace,
Whence all our comforts spring,
Let the whole new-begotten race
Their chearful praises bring.

2 His will first made the choice;
His word the change hath wrought;
In him our father we rejoice,
Nor be the name forgot.

3 Lord, may this matchless love,
Which thy own children see,
Make us from all thy creatures prove
As the first-fruits to thee.

4 Sacred to thee alone
Be all these pow'rs of mine,
Then in the noblest sense my own,
When most entirely thine.

CCCXXVII. *Looking into the perfect law of liberty, and continuing in it.* James i. 25.

BEHOLD the glass the gospel lends,
That men themselves may view:

How

How free from ſtain its ſurface is!
How poliſh'd, and how true!

2 Behold that wiſe, that perfect law,
Which nobleſt freedom gives;
O may it all our ſouls refine,
And ſanctify our lives!

3 Not with a tranſient glance ſurvey'd,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inſcrib'd on ev'ry heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry thought.

4 Great author of each perfect gift,
Thy ſov'reign grace diſplay,
That theſe rebellious roving pow'rs
May hearken and obey.

5 Inſpir'd by thee, our feeble ſouls
Shall paſs victorious on;
As the faint dawning light improves
To all the blaze of noon.

CCCXXVIII. *James's advice to ſinners.* James iv. 7, 8.

1 YE ſinners, bend your ſtubborn necks
Beneath the yoke divine;
In low ſubmiſſion bow ye down
Before his ſacred ſhrine.

2 In pious ſtreams your follies mourn,
And ſeek his injur'd grace!
And wait with broken bleeding hearts
The op'nings of his face.

3 Reſiſt

Reſiſt the tempter's fierce attacks,
And he ſhall ſpeed his flight;
Draw near to God, and his embrace
Shall fold you with delight.

Ye ſinners, cleanſe your ſpotted hands,
And purge your hearts from ſin;
Here fix your long-divided views,
And peace ſhall reign within.

Bleſt Saviour, draw us by thy love,
And fix us by thy pow'r;
When we have felt theſe ſweet conſtraints,
Our ſouls ſhall rove no more.

CCCXXIX. *The vanity of worldly ſchemes inferred from the uncertainty of life.* James iv. 13, 14, 15.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy ſov'reign hand;
And if its ſun ariſe and ſhine,
It ſhines by thy command.

The preſent moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy ſervants truly wiſe,
That they may live to-day.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine Almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care;
O be it ſtill purſu'd!

Leſt,

Left, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

CCCXXX. *Rejoicing in an unseen Saviour.* 1 Peter i. 8.

1 MINE inward joys, suppress'd too long,
Extatic burst into a song;
From Christ, tho' now unseen, they rise
And reach his throne beyond the skies.

2 His glories strike the wond'ring sight
Of all the first-born sons of light,
Beyond the Seraphim they shine,
Unrivall'd all, and all divine.

3 Yet mortal worms his friendship boast,
And make his saving name their trust:
Jesus, my Lord, I know him well;
He rescu'd me from death and hell.

4 This sinful heart from God estrang'd,
His new-creating pow'r hath chang'd;
And, mingling with each secret thought,
Maintains the work, which first it wrought.

5 He gives to see his father's face:
He gives my soul to thrive in grace;
And brings the views of glory down,
The beamings of my heavenly crown.

6 Thus

6 Thus entertain'd, while here below
Unſpeakable my tranſports grow;
New joys in ſwift ſucceſſion roll,
And glory fills my ſilent ſoul.

CCCXXXI. *The heart purified to love unfeigned by the ſpirit.* 1 Peter i. 22.

1 GREAT ſpirit of immortal love,
Vouchſafe our frozen hearts to move:
With ardour ſtrong theſe breaſts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.

2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry hand
Join in the dear fraternal band *.

3 Celeſtial dove, deſcend, and bring
The ſmiling bleſſings on thy wing;
And make us taſte thoſe ſweets below,
Which in the bliſsful manſions grow.

* Brotherly union.

CCCXXXII. *Taſting that the Lord is gracious.* 1 Peter ii. 3.

1 YES, it is ſweet to taſte his grace,
Who bought us with his blood;
My ſoul prefers the reliſh ſtill
To all created good.

2 O how I love that vital word
Which taught me firſt to live!

Thirſt

Thirſt for that uncorrupted milk,
That I may grow and thrive!

3 All-gracious Lord, inſtruct us more
Thy ſaving gifts to know:
And let our inmoſt hearts rejoice,
That thou haſt lov'd us ſo.

4 Open thy ſtores with lib'ral hand,
That we may daily feaſt;
And let each dying ſoul around,
The ſweet ſalvation taſte.

CCCXXXIII. *Coming to Chriſt as a livin ſtone.* 1 Peter ii 4, 5.

1 WITH ecſtaſy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rais'd the ſpacious earth,
And rais'd our ruin'd frame;
He built the church
Who built the ſky,
Shout and exalt
His honours high.

2 See the foundation laid
By pow'r and love divine;
Jeſus, his firſt-born ſon,
How bright his glories ſhine!
How he deſcends,
In duſt he lies,
That from his tomb
A church might riſe.

But He for ever lives,
Nor for himſelf alone;
Each ſaint new light derives
From this myſterious ſtone;
His influence darts
Thro' ev'ry ſoul,
And in one houſe
Unites the whole.

To him with joy we move;
In him cemented ſtand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the founder's hand;
That ſtructure, Lord,
Still higher raiſe,
Louder to ſound
Its builder's praiſe.

Deſcend, and ſhed abroad
The tokens of thy grace,
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place;
Our joyful ſouls
Shall proſtrate fall,
And own, our God
Is all in all.

CCCXXXIV. *Chriſt the corner-ſtone.* 1 Pet. ii. 6. *compared with* Iſaiah xxviii, 16, 17.

LORD, doſt thou ſhew a corner-ſtone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may riſe
Sublime in light beyond the ſkies?

2 We own the work of sov'reign love:
Nor death nor hell those hopes shall mo
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the pow'rs of hell defy'd;
Floods of temptation beat in vain;
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide
And here securely they abide.

5 While they that scorn this precious sto
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

CCCXXXV. *Christ precious to the believ*
1 Peter ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet:

N

Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

CCXXXVI. Noah *preserved in the ark, and the believer in Christ.* 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest tow'rs defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

How dire the wreck! How loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!

Yet Noah, humble happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.

5 So I may ſing, in Jeſus ſafe,
While ſtorms of vengeance round me fall
Conſcious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what ſhakes this earthly ball.

6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that ſure retreat;
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer ſeat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is ſeen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls?
But the bright rainbow round the throne*
Seals endleſs life to all their ſouls.

* Rev. iv. 3.

CCCXXXVII. *The ungodly warned of their final appearance.* 1 Peter iv. 18.

1 BEHOLD God's great incarnate ſon
In majeſty comes flying down:
Hark! for his trumpet's awful ſound
Awakes the dead, and cleaves the ground.

2 So ſolemn ſhall the judgment be,
And ſo ſevere the ſcrutiny†,
That, by his merit tried alone,
The ſaint himſelf would be undone.

3 Where then, ye ſons of Belial ‡, where
Will your aſtoniſh'd ſouls appear?
How will ye ſhun his piercing ſight?
Or how reſiſt his matchleſs might?

† Examination. ‡ Rebellious men.

Up to the pointed mountains fly,
And gain the confines * of the sky;
There shall ye meet celestial fire,
While mountains melt before his ire †.

Call on the rending earth to save,
And in its centre search a grave;
The Judge shall well discern thee there,
And drag thee trembling to his bar.

Deck thee around with fraud and lies,
And put on ev'ry fair disguise;
Soon shall thy painted form be known
Amidst ten thousand of his own.

Gird thee in arms his wrath t' oppose,
And league with millions of his foes;
Soon would the rebel-band expire
Like crackling thorns amidst the fire.

One only way may yet be found;
Submissive bow ye to the ground:
His cross a refuge will afford
From all the terrors of his sword.

* Borders. † Anger.

CCCXXXVIII. *Humbling ourselves unto God's mighty hand.* 1 Peter v. 6.

BENEATH thy mighty hand, O God,
Our souls we prostrate low;
Shine forth with gentle radiant beams,
That we thy name may know.

Thy hand this various frame produc'd,
And still supports it well;

That hand with juſtice and with eaſe
Might ſmite our ſouls to hell.

3 Conſcious of meanneſs and of guilt,
We in the duſt would lie;
Stretch forth thy condeſcending arm,
And lift the humble high.

4 So in the temples of thy grace
We'll ſov'reign mercy own,
And, when we ſhine above the ſtars,
Extol thy grace alone.

5 The more thou raiſe ſuch ſinful duſt,
The lower would it fall;
For leſs than nothing, Lord, are we,
And thou art all in all.

CCCXXXIX. *The ſame. For a faſt-day.*

1 OUR ſouls with rev'rence, Lord, bow down
Struck by the ſplendours of thy throne;
Humbled, while in thy houſe we ſtand,
Beneath thy great tremendous hand.

2 That hand, which bears the ſteady pole,
While nature's wheels unwearied roll;
That hand, which gives each creature food,
And fills the world with various good.

3 That hand which pierc'd thy darling ſon
To expiate crimes, that we had done:
That hand, which ſcatters grace abroad
To turn thy foes to ſons of God.

4 But O! with what diſtracted rage
Have we preſum'd that hand t' engage?

And

And, while long patience hath been ſhewn,
Struggled to force thy vengeance down.

5 Here might thy wrath begin to flame,
And vindicate thine injur'd name:
Till the red thunders of thy hand
Had dealt deſtruction round our land.

6 With humble hearts our God we meet:
O raiſe the ſuppliants at thy feet!
And let that glorious arm this day
Embrace the rebels it might ſlay.

CCCXL. *God's care a remedy for ours.*
1 Peter v. 7.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, caſt your burdens on the Lord,
"And truſt his conſtant care."

2 While providence ſupports,
Let ſaints ſecurely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why ſhould this anxious load
Preſs down your weary mind?
Haſte to your heav'nly Father's throne,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

4 His goodneſs ſtands approv'd
Down to the preſent day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a ſong away.

CCCXLI.

CCCXLI. *Eſtabliſhment in religion from the God of all grace.* 1 Peter v. 10, 11.

1 HOW rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heav'n they ſhine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 Jeſus, the herald of his love,
Diſplays the radiant prize,
And ſhews the purchaſe of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

4 He perfects what his hand begins,
And ſtone on ſtone he lays:
Till firm and fair the building riſe,
A temple to his praiſe.

5 The ſongs of everlaſting years
That mercy ſhall attend,
Which leads, thro' ſuff'rings of an hour,
To joys, that never end.

CCCXLII. *The circumſtances of Chriſt's ſecond appearing.* 2 Peter iii. 11, 12.

1 MY waken'd ſoul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in ſmoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heav'n's wide arch from pole to pole:
Pale ſun, no more thy luſtre boaſt;
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry hoſt.

3 This wreck of nature all around,
The angel's ſhout, the trumpet's ſound
Loud the deſcending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endleſs bliſs, or endleſs woe.

5 Lord, to mine eyes, this ſcene diſplay
Frequent thro' each revolving day,
And let thy grace my ſoul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

CCCXLIII. *The importance of being prepared for Chriſt's ſecond appearance.* 2 Peter iii. 14.

1 " BEHOLD I come, (the Saviour cries)
" With winged ſpeed I come;
" My voice ſhall call your ſouls away
" To their eternal home.

2 " Awake, ye ſons of ſloth, awake;
" Your vain amuſements ceaſe,
" And ſtrive with your united pow'rs,
" That ye be found in peace.

3 " Seize the bleſt hour with ardent haſte,
" Nor ſlight this peaceful word,
" Leſt

" Left your affrighted souls in vain
" Fly from my flaming sword.

4 " Happy the man, whose ready heart
" Obeys the sacred call;
" And shelters in my cov'nant grace
" His everlasting all."

5 Blest Jesus, whose all-searching eye
My inmost pow'rs can see,
Dost thou not know my willing soul
Hath lodg'd that all with thee?

6 These eager eyes thy signal wait;
My dear Redeemer, come:
I rove a weary pilgrim here,
And long to be at home.

CCCXLIV. *Growing in grace*, &c. 2 Pet. iii 18.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abread;
For all thine influence from above
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heav'nly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flow'r
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled;
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4 Too plain alas! the languor shews
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows:

Where

Where the black frosts and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.

5 Unchanging sun, thy beams display
To drive the frosts and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To chear a plant so much thy own.

6 And thou, blest spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

CCCXLV. *Experimental knowledge communicated.* 1 John i. 1—3.

1 JESUS, mine advocate above,
Let me not hear of thee alone,
But make the wonders of thy love
By deep experience sweetly known.

2 On thee my soul would fix its eye;
My lips would taste thy heav'nly grace;
Then would I raise thine honours high,
And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.

3 The sacred flame from heart to heart
Should with a rapid progress run;
Till each in God could boast his part,
Thro' sweet communion with his son.

4 Thus may the servants of the Lord,
Feel the salvation they proclaim;
And thus may crowds receive the word,
And echo back the Saviour's name.

CCCXLVI. *Communion with God and Christ.* 1 John i. 3.

1 OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart;
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

CCCXLVII. *The privileges of saints by the blood of Jesus.* 1 John i. 7.

1 MY various pow'rs, awake
To sound redeeming grace;
To him, that wash'd us in his blood,
Ascribe eternal praise.

2 What

What tho' our guilt appears
Dy'd in a crimſon grain?
The ſtream, that flows from Jeſus' ſide,
Shall purge away the ſtain.

'Midſt all our various forms
We in this centre meet;
Our hearts, cemented by his blood,
Shall taſte communion ſweet.

Then let us walk in light,
Like Chriſt, whoſe name we wear;
And, as the pledge of endleſs bliſs,
Our Father's image bear.

CCCXLVIII. *The blood of Chriſt cleanſing from all ſin.* 1 John i. 7.

1 MY ſins, alas! how foul the ſtains!
How deep, and O! how wide!
O'er my polluted ſoul they ſpread,
In double crimſon dy'd.

2 How ſhall I ſtand before that God,
In whoſe all-piercing ſight
Some ſhades of darkneſs ſeem to veil
The pureſt ſons of light?

3 Where ſhall I waſh theſe ſpots away,
And make my nature clean,
Since drops of penitential grief
Are tinctur'd ſtill with ſin?

4 Behold a torrent all divine
Flows from the Saviour's ſide,

And ſtrangely bears a cryſtal ſtream
Amidſt the purple tide *.

5 Here will I bathe my ſpotted ſoul,
And make it pure and fair;
Till not the eye of God diſcern
One foul pollution there.

6 Then, dreſt in robes of ſnowy white,
I'll join the ſhining band,
And learn new anthems to the lamb,
While round his throne we ſtand.

* Referring to the blood and water, that came out of *Chriſt's* wounded ſide. *John* xix. 34.

CCCXLIX. *Having the ſon, and having life in him*, 1 John v. 2.

1 O Happy chriſtian, who can boaſt,
"The Son of God is mine!"
Happy, tho' humbled in the duſt;
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heav'n below,
And ſhall for ever live;
Eternal ſtreams from Chriſt ſhall flow,
And endleſs vigour give.

3 That life we aſk with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny;
Nor will celeſtial mercy ſee
Its humble ſuppliants die.

4 That life obtain'd, for praiſe alone
We wiſh continu'd breath;
And taught by bleſt experience, own
That praiſe can live in death.

CCCL.

CCCL. *Christ the first and the last, humbled to death, and exalted to an eternal triumph over it.* Rev. i. 17, 18.

1 WHAT myst'ries, Lord, in thee combine!
Jesus, once mortal, yet divine;
The first, the last; the end, the head;
The source of life among the dead.

2 O love, beyond the stretch of thought!
What matchless wonders hath it wrought!
My faith, while she the grace declares,
Trembles beneath the load she bears.

3 Hail, royal conqu'ror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save!
For ever live, for ever reign,
And prosp'rous may thy throne remain!

4 Thy saints, obedient to thy word,
With humble joy surround thy board;
And, long as time pursues its race,
Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.

5 In the full choir, where angels join
Their harps of melody divine,
Thy death inspires a song of praise,
New thro' thy life's eternal days.

CCCLI. *The keys of death and the unseen world in Christ's hand.* Rev. i. 18.

1 HAIL to the prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!

The ſpacious world unſeen is his,
And ſov'reign pow'r becomes him well.

2 In ſhame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye ſaints, around his ſeat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To cruſh thy foes, and guard thy friends
While all thy choſen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wiſdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 When death thy ſervants ſhall invade,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Controul'd by thee, their rage ſhall help
The cauſe, they labour'd to deſtroy.

6 For ever reign, victorious king:
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known
And call my longing ſoul to ſing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

CCCLII. *Chriſt's care of miniſters and churches.* Rev. ii. 1.

1 WE bleſs th' eternal ſource of light,
Who makes the ſtars to ſhine;
And, thro' this dark beclouded world,
Diffuſeth rays divine.

2 We

2 We bleis the churches lov'reign king,
Whoſe golden lamps we are;
Fix'd in the temples of his love
To ſhine with radiance fair.

3 Still be our purity preſerv'd;
Still fed with oil the flame;
And in deep character's inſcrib'd
Our heav'nly maſter's name.

4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our ſtate ſurveys,
His ſmiles ſhall with new luſtre deck
The people of his praiſe.

CCCLIII. *The chriſtian warrior animated and crowned.* Rev. ii. 10.

1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly leader's voice
From his triumphant ſeat:
'Midſt all the war's tumultuous noiſe,
How pow'rful and how ſweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band, (he cries)
"Nor fear the mortal blow!
"Who firſt in ſuch a warfare dies
"Shall ſpeedieſt vict'ry know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
"And in the duſt was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my throne,
"And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne, that glory you ſhall ſhare;
"My hands the crown ſhall give;

"And you the sparkling honours wear,
"While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our bosoms glow
With courage, and with love:
Thy hand shall bear thy soldiers thro',
And raise their heads above.

6 My soul, while death beset me round,
Erects her ardent eyes,
And longs, thro' some illustrious wound,
To rush and seize the prize.

CCCLIV. *The pillar in God's heavenly temple with its inscription.* Rev. iii. 12.

1 ALL-HAIL, victorious Saviour, hail!
I bow to thy command;
And own, that David's royal key
Well fits my sov'reign hand.

2 Open the treasures of thy love,
And shed thy gifts abroad;
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
The temple of my God.

3 There as a pillar let me stand
On an eternal base *;
Up-rear'd by thine Almighty hand,
And polish'd by thy grace.

4 There deep engraven let me bear
The title of my God;
And mark the new Jerusalem,
As my secure abode.

5 In

* Foundation.

5 In lasting characters inscribe
Thy own beloved name,
That endless ages there may read
The great Emanuel's claim.

6 Lead on, my gen'ral; I defy
What earth or hell can do;
Thy conduct, and this glorious hope
Shall bear thy soldier thro'.

CCCLV. *God's covenant unchangeable;* or, *The rainbow round about the throne.* Rev. iv. 3. *compared with* Gen. ix. 13—17.

1 SUPREME of beings, with delight
Our eyes survey this heav'nly sight;
And trace with admiration sweet
The beaming splendours of thy feet.

2 Jasper and sapphire strive in vain
To paint the glories of thy train;
Thy robes all stream eternal light,
Too pow'rful for a cherub's sight.

3 Yet round thy throne the rainbow shines,
Fair emblem of thy kind designs;
Bright pledge, that speaks thy cov'nant sure
Long as thy kingdom shall endure.

4 No more shall deluges of woe
Thy new-created world o'erflow;
Jesus, our sun, his beams displays,
And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.

5 No gems so bright, no forms so fair;
Mercy and truth shall triumph there.

Thy

Thy ſaints ſhall bleſs the peaceful ſign;
When ſtars and ſuns forget to ſhine.

6 E'en here, while ſtorms and gloomy ſhade
And horrors all the ſcene o'erſpread,
Faith views the throne with piercing eye,
And boaſts the rainbow ſtill is nigh.

CCCLVI. *Victory over* Satan *by the blood of the lamb, and the word of the teſtimony of his ſervants.* Rev. xii. 11.

1 SEE the old dragon from his throne
Sink with enormous ruin down!
Baniſh'd from heav'n, and doom'd to dwell
Deep in the fiery gloom of hell!

2 Ye heav'ns with all your hoſts, rejoice:
Ye ſaints, in conſort lend your voice:
Approach your Lord's victorious ſeat,
And tread the foe beneath your feet.

3 But whence a conqueſt ſo divine
Gain'd by ſuch feeble hands as mine?
Or whence can ſinful mortals boaſt
O'er Satan and his rebel-hoſt?

4 'Twas from thy blood, thou ſlaughter'd lamb,
That all our palms and triumphs came;
Thy croſs, thy ſpear, inflicts the ſtroke,
By which the monſter's head is broke.

5 Thy faithful word our hope maintains
Thro' all our combat and our pains;
The accents of thy heavenly breath
Thy ſoldiers bear thro' wounds and death.

6 Tri-

5 Triumphant lamb, in worlds unknown,
With tranſport round thy radiant throne,
Thy happy legions, all complete,
Shall lay their laurels at thy feet.

CCCLVII. *The ſong of* Moſes *and the lamb.*
Rev. xv. 3.

1 ISRAEL, the tribute bring
To God's victorious name;
The ſong of Moſes ſing,
Of Moſes and the lamb:
Improve his lays *;
The theme exceeds,
And nobler deeds
Demand our praiſe.

2 The prince of hell aroſe
With impious rage and pride,
And 'midſt our num'rous foes
Our feeble pow'r defy'd;
"I will o'ertake,
"And I deſtroy,
"My hand with joy
"Shall force thee back."

3 Thy hand, almighty Lord,
Thy trembling Iſrael ſaves;
Thine unreſiſted word
Divides the threat'ning waves:
Thy hoſts paſs o'er;
The foe o'erthrown
Sinks like a ſtone
To riſe no more.

4 Our

* Songs of praiſe.

4 Our triumphs we prepare,
And chearful anthems raise;
Jehovah's arm made bare
Demands immortal praise;
And while we sing,
Ye shores, proclaim
His wond'rous name,
Ye deserts, ring.

5 Thro' all the wilderness
Thy presence, Lord, shall lead;
And bring us to the place,
Thy sov'reign love decreed;
Those blissful plains,
Where all around
Hosannas sound,
And transport reigns.

CCCLVIII. *The conquest of death and grief by views of the heavenly state.* Rev. xxi. 4.

1 LIFT up, ye saints, your weeping eyes,
Suspend your sorrows and your sighs;
Turn all your groans to joyful songs,
Which Jesus dictates to your tongues.

2 Thus saith the Saviour from his throne,
" Behold all former things are gone,
" Past like an anxious dream away,
" Chas'd by the golden beams of day.

3 " See in celestial pomp array'd
" A new-created world display'd;
" Mark with what light its prospects shine!
" How grand, how various, how divine!

4 " There

"There my own gentle hand shall dry
"Each tear from each o'erflowing eye,
"And open wide my friendly breast
"To lull the weary soul to rest.

"No more shall grief assail your heart,
"No boding fear, no piercing smart;
"For ever there my people dwell
"Beyond the range of death and hell."

Vain king of terrors, boast no more
Thine ancient wide-extended pow'r;
Each saint in life with Christ his head
Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

CCLIX. *Christ, the root and offspring of David, and the morning star.* Rev. xxii. 16.

ALL-HAIL, mysterious king!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence didst spring
To give the nations fruit.

Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips salvation taste;
Our fainting hearts are glad.

Fair morning-star, arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awak'ning eyes,
A flood of sacred light.

The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierc'd by thy beauteous ray;

Shine

Shine, and our wand'ring footſteps lead
To everlaſting day.

CCCLX. *Chriſt's invitations echoed back*, &c Rev. xxii. 17.

1 HOW free the fountain flows
Of endleſs life and joy!
That ſpring, which no confinement knows
Whoſe waters never cloy!

2 How ſweet the accents ſound
From the Redeemer's tongue!
"Aſſemble, all ye nations round,
"In one obedient throng.

3 "The ſpirit bears the call
"To all the diſtant lands;
"The church, the bride, reflects it back,
"While Jeſus waiting ſtands.

4 "Ho, ev'ry thirſty ſoul,
"Approach the ſacred ſpring;
"Drink, and your fainting ſpirits chear;
"Renew the draught, and ſing.

5 "Let all, that will, approach;
"The water freely take;
"Free from my op'ning heart it flows
"Your raging thirſt to ſlake."

6 With thankful hearts we come
To taſte the offer'd grace;
And call on all that hear to join
The trial and the praiſe.

CCLXI. *The christian rejoicing in the views of death and judgment.* Rev. xxii. 20.

1 " BEHOLD I come, (the Saviour cries)
" On wings of love I fly:"
So come, dear Lord, (my soul replies)
And bring salvation nigh.

2 Come, loose these bonds of flesh and sin:
Come, end my pains and cares;
Bear me to thy serene abode
Beyond the clouds and stars.

3 I greet the messengers of death,
By which thou call'st me home;
But doubly greet that joyful hour,
When thou thyself shalt come.

4 Come, plead thy father's injur'd cause,
And make thy glory shine;
Come, rouse thy servants mould'ring dust,
And their whole frame refine.

5 O come amidst th' angelic hosts,
Their humble name to own;
And bear the full assembly back
To dwell around thy throne.

6 With winged speed, redeemer dear,
Bring on th' illustrious day:
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long delay.

HYMNS

ON

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS,

AND IN

UNCOMMON MEASURES.

HYMN CCCLXII.

A Morning-HYMN, to be used at awaking and rising.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian-shield was round me spread
In my defenceless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 [The work of each immortal soul—
Attentive care demands;

Think

Think then what painful labours wait
The faithful paſtor's hands.]

My moments fly with winged pace,
And ſwift my hours are hurl'd;
And death with rapid march comes on
T' unveil th' eternal world.

I for this hour muſt give account
Before God's awful throne:
Let not this hour neglected paſs,
As thouſands more have done.

5 Pardon, O God, my former ſloth,
And arm my ſoul with grace;
As, riſing now, I ſeal my vows
To proſecute thy ways.

7 Bright ſun of righteouſneſs, ariſe;
Thy radiant beams diſplay,
And guide my dark bewilder'd ſoul
To everlaſting day.

CCCLXIII. *An Evening-HYMN, to be uſed when compoſing one's ſelf to ſleep.*

I.

INTERVAL of grateful ſhade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome ſlumbers to mine eyes,
Tir'd with glaring vanities!
My great maſter ſtill allows
Needful periods of repoſe:
By my heav'nly father bleſt,
Thus I give my pow'rs to reſt;

Heav'nly father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the ſame:
Far be each ſuſpicious thought,
Ev'ry anxious care forgot:
Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'ſt my days with various good:
Thy kind eye, that cannot ſleep,
Theſe defenceleſs hours ſhall keep:
Bleſt viciſſitude to me!
Day and night I'm ſtill with thee.

II.

What tho' downy ſlumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepleſs well I know to reſt,
Lodg'd within my father's breaſt.
While the empreſs of the night
Scatters mild her ſilver light:
While the vivid planets ſtray
Various thro' their myſtic way;
While the ſtars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-conſtant pole;
Far above theſe ſpangled ſkies
All my ſoul to God ſhall riſe;
'Midſt the ſilence of the night
Mingling with thoſe angels bright,
Whoſe harmonious voices raiſe
Ceaſeleſs love and ceaſeleſs praiſe:
Thro' the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneleſs accents hear:
From on high doth he impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
He in theſe ſereneſt hours
Guides my intellectual pow'rs, And

And his ſpirit doth diffuſe,
Sweeter far than midnight dews;
Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love.
Bleſt alternative to me,
Thus to ſleep or wake, with thee!

III.

What if death my ſleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilſt I encircled by thine arm,
Death may ſtrike, but cannot harm.
What if beams of op'ning day
Shine around my breathleſs clay?
Brighter viſions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.
Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.
See the guardian-angels nigh
Wait to waft my ſoul on high!
See the golden gates diſplay'd!
See the crown to grace my head!
See a flood of ſacred light,
Which no more ſhall yield to night!
Tranſitory world, farewel!
Jeſus calls with him to dwell.
With thy heav'nly preſence bleſt,
Death is life, and labour reſt.
Welcome ſleep, or death to me,
Still ſecure, for ſtill with thee.

CCCLXIV. *On recovery from ſickneſs, duri which, much of the divine favour had be experienced.*

1 MY God, thy ſervice well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praiſe?

2 Thine arms of everlaſting love
Did this weak frame ſuſtain,
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature ſunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didſt chaſe the fears of hell;
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchleſs grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breaſt;
Pleas'd to obey my father's call
To his eternal reſt.

5 Into thy hands, my Saviour-God,
Did I my ſoul reſign,
In firm dependance on that truth,
Which made ſalvation mine.

6 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come:
Nor would I urge a ſpeedier flight
To my celeſtial home.

7 Where thou determin'ſt mine abode,
There would I chuſe to be;

Fo

For in thy preſence death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

CCCLXV. *The laſt words of David.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 1—8 *.

1 THUS hath the ſon of Jeſſe ſaid,
When Iſrael's God had rais'd his head
To high imperial ſway:
Struck with his laſt poetic fire,
Zion's ſweet pſalmiſt tun'd his lyre
To this harmonious lay.

2 Thus dictates Iſrael's ſacred rock:
Thus hath the God of Jacob ſpoke
By my reſponſive tongue:
Behold the Juſt one over men
Commencing his religious reign,
Great ſubject of my ſong!

3 So gently ſhines with genial ray,
Th' uncrouded lamp of riſing day,
And chears the tender flow'rs,
When midnight's ſoft diffuſive rain
Hath bleſs'd the gardens and the plain
With kind refreſhing ſhow'rs.

4 Shall not my houſe this honour boaſt?
My ſoul th' eternal cov'nant truſt,
Well order'd ſtill and ſure?
There all my hopes and wiſhes meet:
In death I call its bleſſings ſweet,
And feel its bond ſecure.

* Agreeable to the ingenious metrical verſion of the learned Dr Richard Grey.

5 The

5 The ſons of Belial ſhall not ſpring,
Who ſpurn at heav'n's appointed king,
And ſcorn his high command:
Tho' wide the Briars infeſt the ground,
And the ſharp-pointed thorns around
Defy a tender hand.

6 A dreadful warrior ſhall appear
With iron arms, and maſſy ſpear,
And tear them from their place:
Touch'd with the lightning of his ire,
At once they kindle into fire,
And vaniſh in the blaze.

CCCLXVI. A MILITARY ODE.

PSALM CXLIX.

Probably compoſed by David to be ſung when his army was marching out to war againſt the remnant of the devoted nations of Canaan, and firſt went up in ſolemn proceſſion to the houſe of God at Jeruſalem, there, as it were, to conſecrate the arms, which he put into their hands. The beds referred to Ver. 5, were probably the couches, on which they lay at the banquet attending their ſacrifices; which gives a noble ſenſe to a paſſage, on any other interpretation hardly intelligible.

1 O praiſe ye Lord, prepare a new ſong,
And let all his ſaints in full conſort join:
Ye tribes all aſſemble the feaſt to prolong,
In ſolemn proceſſion with muſic divine.

O Israel, in him that made thee rejoice;
Let all Zion's sons exult in their king;
While to martial dances you join a glad voice,
Your lutes, harps, and timbrels in harmony bring.

The Lord in his saints still finds his delight;
Salvation from him the meek shall adorn;
They well may be joyful, sustain'd by his might,
And crown'd by his favour may lift up their horn.

Let carpets be spread, and banquets prepar'd
Those altars around, whence incense ascends;
Whilst anthems of glory thro' Salem are heard,
And God, whom we worship, indulgent attends.

Then as your hearts bound with music & wine,
Inspir'd by the God, who reigns in the place;
Unsheath all your weapons, and bright let them shine,
And brandish your faulchions, while chaunting his praise.

Then march to the field; the heathen defy;
And scatter his wrath on nations around:
Like angels of vengeance your sword lift on high,
And boast that Jehovah commissions the wound.

Their gen'rals subdu'd your triumphs shall grace,
And loaded with chains their kings shall be brought;
On the necks shall ye trample of Canaan's proud race,
And all their last remnant for slaughter be fought.

8 No rage of your own ſuch rigour demands;
A ſentence divine your arms muſt fulfil:
Of old he this vengeance conſign'd to your hands,
And in ſacred volumes recorded his will.

9 This honour, ye ſaints, appointed for you,
All-grateful receive, and faithful obey;
And, while this dread pleaſure reſiſtleſs ye do,
Still make his high praiſes the ſong of the day.

CCCLXVII. *For the thankſgiving-day for the peace.* April 25, 1749.

1 NOW let our ſongs addreſs the God of peace,
Who bids the tumult of the battle ceaſe:
The pointed ſpears to pruning-hooks he bends,
And the broad faulchion in the plow-ſhare ends.
His pow'rful word unites contending nations
In kind embrace, and friendly ſalutations.

2 Britain, adore the guardian of thy ſtate;
Who, high on his celeſtial throne elate,
Still watchful o'er thy ſafety and repoſe,
Frown'd on the counſels of thy haughtieſt foes;
Thy coaſt ſecur'd from ev'ry dire invaſion
Of fire and ſword, and ſpreading deſolation.

3 When rebel-bands with deſp'rate madneſs join'd,
He waſted o'er deliv'rance with his wind;
Drove back the tide that delug'd half our land,
And curb'd their fury with his mightier hand:
Till dreadful ſlaughter, and the laſt confuſion
Taught thoſe audacious ſinners their deluſion.

4 He

4 He gave our fleets to triumph o'er the main,
And scatter terrors 'cross wide ocean's plain:
Opposing leaders tremble at the sight,
Nor found their safety in th'attempted flight;
Taught by their bonds how vainly they pretended
Those to distress, whom Israel's God defended.

5 Fierce storms were summon'd up in Britain's aid,
And meagre famine hostile lands o'erspread;
By suff'rings bow'd their conquests they release
Nor scorn the overtures of equal peace:
Contending pow'rs congratulate the blessing
Joint hymns of gratitude to heav'n addressing.

6 While we beneath our vines and fig-trees sit,
Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
And all the mercies of this day prolong.
Then spread thy peaceful word thro' ev'ry nation,
That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

CCCLXVIII. *The blessing pronounced upon* Israel *by the priests.* Numbers vi. 24—27

For new year's-day.

1 GUARDIAN of Israel, source of peace,
Who hast ordain'd thy priests to bless,
Shine forth as our propitious Lord,
And verify thy servants word.

2 Let thy own pow'r defend us still
Thro' all the year from ev'ry ill;
And let the splendour of thy face
Chear all its bright or gloomy days.

3 Thy

3 Thy countenance our ſouls would ſee,
For all our joys unite in thee;
And peace ſtill waits at thy command
To calm our hearts, and bleſs our land.

4 Hear, while thy prieſts addreſs thy vows,
And ſcatter bleſſings thro' thy houſe;
And, while they fall, may Iſrael raiſe
Its pious ſongs of ardent praiſe.

CCCLXIX. *A hymn for a faſt-day in time of war.* Deut. xxiii. 9.

1 GREAT God of heav'n and nature, riſe,
And hear our loud united cries:
See Britain bow before thy face
Thro' all her coaſts, and ſeek thy grace.

2 No arm of fleſh we make our truſt;
Nor ſword, nor horſe, nor ſhips we boaſt:
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and ſkill is vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On ev'ry ſhore, on ev'ry town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, prieſts, and people ſhine.

5 O may no God-provoking ſin
Thro' all our camps and navies reign;

No foul reproach, to drive from thence
Our fureſt glory and defence.

So ſhall our God delight to bleſs,
And crown our arms with wide ſucceſs:
Our foes ſhall dread Jehovah's ſword;
And conqu'ring Britain ſhout the Lord.

CCLXX. Jabez's *prayer recommended to youth.* 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

THOU God of Jabez, hear,
While we intreat thy grace,
And borrow that expreſſive pray'r,
With which he fought thy face.

"O that the Lord indeed
"Would me his ſervant bleſs,
"From ev'ry evil ſhield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace!

"Be his Almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,
"Till, with his ſaints in Canaan's land,
"My portion he divide."

Thus pious Jabez pray'd,
While God inclin'd his ear;
And all, by whom his ſuit is made,
Shall find the bleſſing near.

Ye youths your vows combine,
With loud united voice;
So ſhall your heads with honour ſhine,
And all your hearts rejoice.

CCCLXXI. Manaſſeh's *affliction, penitence and reſtoration.* 2 Chron. xxxiii. 10—13.

1 GOD of Manaſſeh, wilt thou ſcorn
To own that humble name,
While ſinners, ſo remote as we,
Thy grace to him proclaim?

2 High rais'd on Judah's throne he ſeem'd,
That hell in him might reign;
And taught thy ſacred name to know
Its horrors to profane.

3 Yet thou the royal wretch didſt view
With pity in thine eyes:
How ſtrange a cure thy mercy wrought
How wond'rous, yet how wiſe!

4 Caught in the thorns by hoſtile hands,
The captive learn'd to reign;
And Babel's fetters ſet him free
From Satan's heavier chain.

5 From the deep dungeon where he lay,
Thou heard'ſt his doleful cry;
Didſt raiſe the ſuppliant from the duſt,
And bring ſalvation nigh.

6 Our ſouls, deprav'd and hard like his,
May grace exert its pow'r;
And they ſhall bleſs the wholeſome ſmart
That works the ſov'reign cure.

CCLXXII. *A church seeking direction from God in the choice of a pastor.* Ezra viii. 21.

SHEPHERD of Israel bend thine ear,
Thy servants groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wand'ring paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A chearful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the chearful notes prolong.

CCCLXXIII. *Divine condemnation deprecated, and instruction desired, by the afflicted.* Job x. 2.

TRemendous judge, before thy bar,
What human creature can be clear?

An arm so strong, an eye so pure,
Who can escape, or who endure.

2 "Do not condemn us, Lord," we cry,
As trembling in the dust we lie;
But, while with grief our guilt we own,
Let smiling mercy take the throne.

3 If thou wilt smite, offended God,
Sheath up thy sword, and take thy rod,
And, 'midst the anguish and the smart,
Open to discipline our heart.

By chast'ning if our souls be taught,
And clean'sd from ev'ry secret fault,
The wise severity we'll bless,
And mix our groans with songs of praise.

CCCLXXIV. *Thanksgiving for national deliverance and improvement of it.* Luke i. 74, 75.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong;
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
His hand hath dealt a secret blow,
And terror strikes the haughty foe.

2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

3 O may thy grace our land engage,
(Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage,)
This tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our king!

4 Our

4 Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And ev'ry peaceful private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight:
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
To life's last hour to persevere.

AN

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